

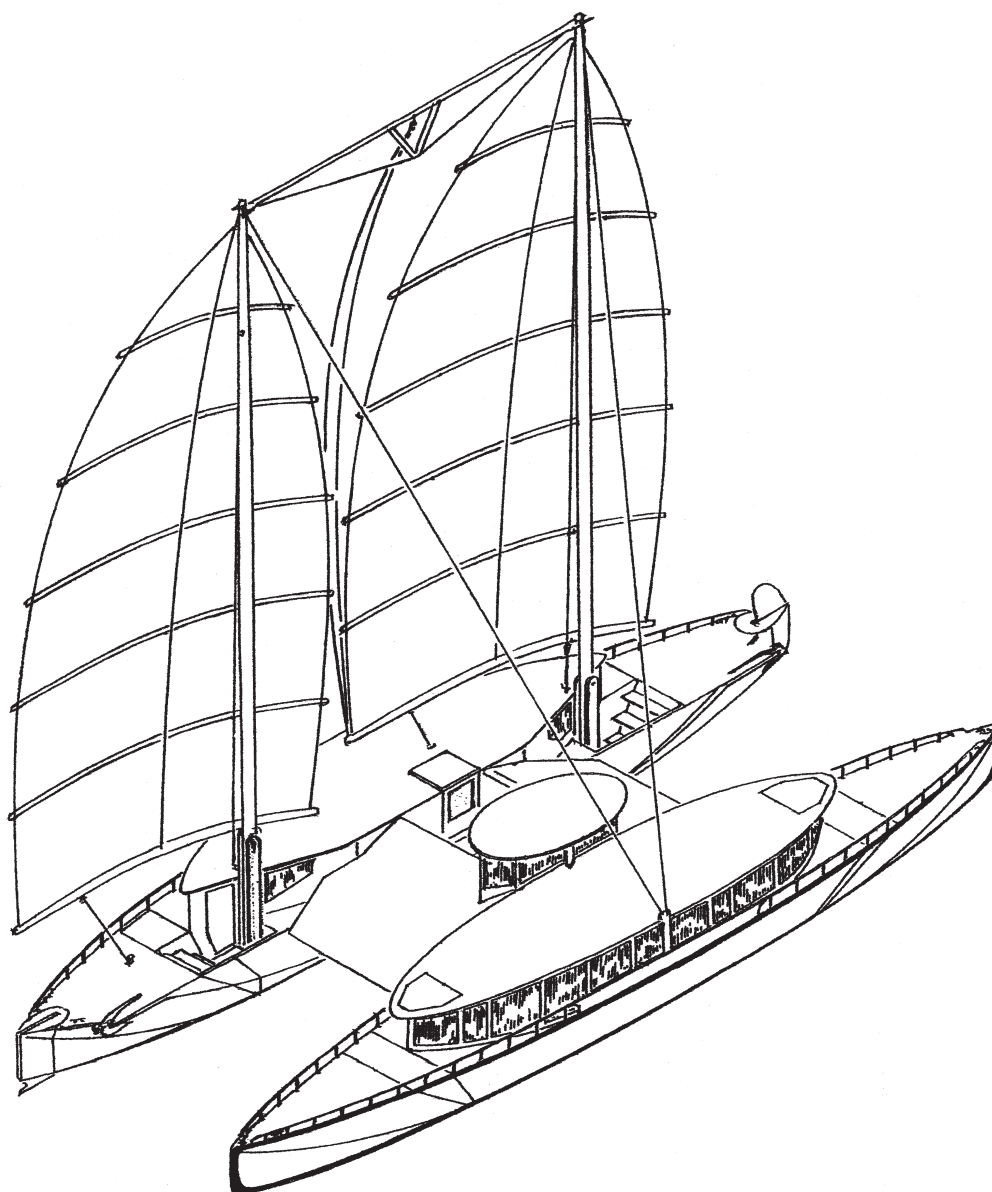


messing about in **BOATS**

Special Features This Issue
“USLSS Rescues” – “Walkabout”
“Building the Ugly Duck” – “Polysail Milestones”

Volume 24 – Number 2

June 1, 2006



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



On those occasions when I happen to mention that I do much of my kayaking these days with a friend who is a partial quadriplegic, often this casual mentioning elicits considerable interest in just how does one go about sharing such adventures with a disabled person. An explanation is not simply a matter of a few words, the briefest summary is that it just takes more time.

My friend Charlie is in his early 50s and has been disabled since he crushed his sixth cervical vertebrae in a trampoline accident at age 20 while at college. This resulted in full paralysis from the waist down and partial paralysis of upper body muscles. Chiefly affected were his hands which have no articulation capability nor grasp, he can and does use them like paddles to manipulate objects. He has substantial (but not full) use of his biceps and triceps and upper body back muscles so he can paddle or pedal (on our tandem handcycle outfit).

Charlie knows what he is doing, it was me who had to adapt when we met and began to indulge in our common interest in cycling and paddling. The cycling took pride of place in our earlier years together (about 10 years now) and we have developed a number of handcycle tandem outfits to constantly improve our cycling experiences.

We moved into paddling initially in my 21' Seda Tango double kayak, a boat ideally suited for the purpose. The cockpits are spaced far enough apart so that it is not necessary for us to synchronize our paddling strokes and thus I can keep on a steady paddling beat during the interruptions that can affect Charlie. This is particularly important when banging upwind or against a current.

The front cockpit is deep enough to provide Charlie with necessary upper body support using a special backrest he made up. Without such support, if anything causes his upper body to tip significantly, over he goes, he cannot get back upright unaided once he gets too far over. This past summer he went out in a shallow cockpit rotomolded double with another friend and in short order found himself tipped over to the side unable to sit back up, only opposite leaning by his companion and assistance from others paddling with them kept the whole rig from capsizing.

I am not concerned about capsizing in my Tango, we do not go out in big waves and even should we be caught by surprise conditions the Tango can handle them and Charlie is secure down in that deep cockpit, his upper body fully supported. We have contemplated the worst case scenario of a capsize, what to do? Well, Charlie is a good swimmer and the only workable solution would be for him to swim to shore nearby to regroup as I could

not get him back into the cockpit after righting the kayak in the water. We stay close to shore when on the protected ocean waters of nearby Plum Island Sound, Ipswich Bay, Essex Bay, or on occasional paddling on Cape Cod with friends. If the shoreline is not immediately accessible we would have to move alongshore to find a spot. There is no hurry as we do not begin paddling until the water has warmed in early summer.

Last summer Charlie got his own solo kayak, a 10' Heritage. This little kayak is a model designed for fishermen and is very stable with good cockpit support, and the initial tryout on a local pond proved so encouraging that we went on later in the season to paddle some local rivers and ponds. I recently mentioned on this page how Charlie is already spotting rivers that need exploring this year and soon, when the water is warm enough, we'll get started. When we go solo paddling I use my daughter's 12' Old Town, it's roomy and comfortable and is not unhappy poking along.

I started off by saying that it takes time. Getting afloat requires a launching spot that will allow Charlie to get alongside the kayak at water's edge in his wheelchair. He transfers horizontally from his chair to the deck just behind the cockpit. He then grabs his legs and swings around, dropping them into the cockpit. Now facing forward, he eases ahead, pushing his legs before him until he drops down into the seat. After he has arranged his legs out straight ahead and is located properly on the seat pan, we insert the backrest behind him and he is ready. He is now stuck in the kayak until we return, lunch stops on a beach are indulged with the Tango pulled up on the beach where the rest of us along go ashore.

Charlie has adapted his paddle with aluminum straps clamped to the shaft in such a manner that he can shove his hands edgewise beneath the straps and wedge them into place correctly aligned for paddling. He cannot feather but this is not important. Sometimes wind or waves arise that will from time to time knock the paddle loose momentarily. This is when the cockpit spacing comes into play, I can keep on paddling while he gets his hand back into place.

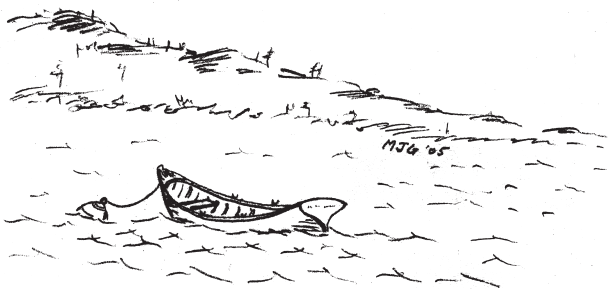
I am comfortable sharing our adventures, whether it be on our tandem handcycle going downhill at 25mph with Charlie up front steering (I just pedal and brake), in the Seda with a headwind springing up requiring some digging to keep on going, or on flatwater streams with Charlie now relishing his newfound freedom, skipper of his own craft. We refer to all this nowadays as the "Adventures of the Geezer and the Gimp."

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On the Cover...

Phil Bolger and Suzanne Altenberger have come up with a major new design concept based on the ancient Polynesian proa. Their in-depth study of the concept is so comprehensive that we have had to split it over two issues, in this issue we bring you the concluding portion.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

When traversing the river road connecting Deep River and Essex (Connecticut), one will notice that most of the houses are rather imposing. Where the road and the river diverge a few hundred yards, all that can be seen are occasional stately drives, generally framed by a pair of gate posts and sometimes gates. There is one house, however, small by comparison, tucked against a slope overlooking the river. A sturdy white house, at least a century old, with a long lawn leading down to the water's edge. There, half supported by pilings, stands a workshop, a boatbuilder's shop. Alongside of it, a pair of iron rails runs into the river.

Art Finkeldey was this boatwright's name, a spare man in his 60s when first I knew him, with keen and kindly eyes and grizzled hair. His shop was light and cheerful and there were ample workbenches built against the walls. He was neat without being fastidious, took his time yet wasted little of it, enjoyed conversation yet never went looking for it. I kept my Rhodes 18 at his place a couple of summers 40 years ago. He kept only three moorings, one of them for his lobster boat, a 24-footer he'd built for himself and his wife to enjoy on the river. A pretty thing but seaworthy, painted white and yellow.

I was young then, just out of high school and ignorant of maintaining a wooden vessel. My sloop was old and carvel-built and quite unsure if the water belonged inside of her or out. Much of my time I spent remanding the river. Art was a man of skillful hands, an artisan, a waterman. He was prodigal of his energy and knowledge. He inspected my overturned hull the following spring. "You need to reeve out that caulking and replace it," he said and, tucking his old, companionable pipe in his pocket, proceeded to demonstrate how to do just that. Eventually I caught on.

Fiberglass was gaining in popularity in the '60s but plenty of vessels were still being built of wood. By this time Art was semi-retired, that is to say he spent most of his time repairing boats rather than lofting them. On the walls of his shop were photos and drawings of those he had built in the past. The largest and most impressive was a ketch rigged H-28. His workspace was on a mezzanine surrounding the boat bay on two sides. On pleasant days the double doors of this bay stood open, allowing both sunshine and swallows alike to regale him. There was just enough room on this mezzanine to work on a skiff or a dinghy.

A pot bellied stove consumed the mill ends and shavings. Art Finkeldey's workshop smelled of oak and cedar, not of resin and solvent. Hulls were faired with a whispering plane instead of a howling grinder. Wooden boats are direct descendants of trees, perhaps that is why they always seem so alive. Wood refers not only to desiccated planks but also to stands of trees. A dugout canoe, adzed hollow to within an inch of the water, is nothing more than a tree with a sense of adventure. A boat with ribs is a tree that would be a creature, a woods creature gone aquatic as has the whale. We say that a wooden boat must breathe, we give her a mother's name. Her offspring gambol amid the uplifting waters.

Last season I kept *MoonWind* in a slip behind the bait shop. Across the pier was an open launch belonging to the ferryman, his private pleasure craft. A lovely, older, wooden boat, she's painted white and yellow. Full ended with a pleasing sheer, she has steep, bluff bows to counter a heavy chop. "She'll handle just about anything," said the ferryman. "A good old boat, built in the 1950s. Cedar over white oak, she'll last forever. Got her over in Essex for next to nothing. Been neglected for years, but when I sanded her down I couldn't find anything wrong. Didn't replace a single fastener. Built by a guy who's been dead these 20 years, someone you've never heard of, Arthur Finkeldey."

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The Long Island Maritime Museum is pleased to again be hosting our annual *Antique Boat Show & Old Timers' Regatta*. Also participating in this two-day event are:

- *The Antique and Classic Boat Society*, which is celebrating the 25th anniversary of its founding,
- *LI Antique Power Association*,
- *Long Island Seaport & Eco Center, Inc.*,
- *Carmans River Maritime Center*,
- *The East End Classic Boat Society*,
- *LI Traditional Small Craft Association*,
- *The Order of the Ancient & Honorable Huntington Militia*,
- *Wet Pants Sailing Association*,
- *Suffolk County Woodcarvers Guild*
and many more.

Previous shows have attracted visitors from all over the metropolitan area. We are attempting to build on this success by adding more participants and displays. Any individual, wooden boat club, antique engine club, ship modeler or woodcarver interested in participating should contact LIMM at the Museum's Main Office at 631-854-4974 or via e-mail at limaritime@verizon.net.

General show and regatta information is available through the Museum or on our website at www.limaritime.org.

You write to us about...

Adventures & Experiences...

My St. George

In the Feb 15th issue of *Boats* the article by Philip Thiel about the waterfront in New York's Staten Island reminded me that at one time St. George was my favorite liberty port. I had nearly forgotten my days there.

I had been stationed on Staten Island for a short while when I was in the Army but that was further down the island near the narrows where they built the big bridge. I rarely got as far from my army base as St. George. In the Coast Guard nearly all men go through Boot Camp at Cape May, New Jersey. Upon completing Boot I got assigned to the third District headquarter at St. George on the Island.

The Lighthouse Service base that Thiel mentioned was a Coast Guard base when I got there, really just a name change. It was a busy base and was also the District Headquarters, right next to the ferry terminal where the boats come and go to Manhattan and Brooklyn. In fact, the bus ramp to the terminal went over the top of the CG base.

Most of the hooligans that I knew would spend their liberties in Manhattan and, as sailors will do, some of them had a few too many. These New York sailors only had to find their way back to the ferry and they were home free. Many would pass out on one of the benches on the ferry. During the late night hours the conductors would leave them there until morning. It was not uncommon for a man to travel back and forth several times across the harbor before a conductor would wake him as they were approaching the Island just in time for work call. We never, never gave these conductors a hard time, we depended on them for our wake-up call.

My stay at St. George was short. I got called into the Headquarters one day and was told to pack and report to the CG Cutter *Agassiz* at one of the piers. Her home port was back in Cape May. The *Agassiz* got back to St. George occasionally and once in a while we would get a Cinderella liberty. Not enough time to get to Manhattan but St. George had enough bars to keep us well entertained and the barkeeps treated us well.

The last time I got to St. George was a wet winter evening and a group of us left the ship and hiked to the far end of town. This was up a very steep hill. Our plan was to have a beer at each bar as we worked our way back to the ship. Sometime during the evening a freezing rain began and our crew was getting a little out of control. We stepped out of one place and began sliding downhill. That's the way we were headed so all was well. Someone figured out that we could catch a boulevard tree outside of the next bar and not break our record.

Before we reached the bottom the sliding got to be more fun than the beer. What a bunch of drunken hooligans. Somehow we all managed to get the ship underway a few hours later. It is amazing what a young body can survive.

I have never been back to Staten Island. I have been into New York a couple of times in recent years on ferry trips, once before 9/11 and once since. On both of these trips

we docked in New Jersey. Out beyond the Statue of Liberty was the Island but it now had a bridge across the narrows. Can't be the same place.

Mississippi Bob Brown, Apple Valley, MN

Information of Interest...

Winding World to Cease Publication

It is with great sadness that I announce advance news of my decision to close *Winding World* and that the December 2006 issue will be the last. I know many of our readers will also be somewhat disappointed, as indeed I am, but nothing remains the same forever. After an interesting and rewarding 11 years I find that advancing technology, instead of making things easier, for me has gone completely the other way.

For this non-technically minded 72-year-old, producing the magazine to an established standard will be a real pain in the butt, the technicalities other than the content being way beyond my capabilities and expectations.

Up until now *Winding World* has been made possible because of immense help from a good mate of mine, Derek, whose own plans for next year are still undecided.

In the December issue I will properly thank my loyal and supportive readers and say au revoir, but I hope we will remain good friends.

Mark Steele, *Winding World*, Auckland, NZ

One of America's Best Water Trails

The year-end issue of *Paddler* magazine recognizes the Maine Island Trail Association as one of America's best water trails. The publisher of *Paddler*, the American Canoe Association, also awarded MITA the rare distinction of an "ACA Recommended Water Trail," one of only 12 in North America.

MITA is applauded in the magazine as the "oldest and largest water trail association in North America" and as "a model for new water trails across the country." And Dave Mention, MITA Trail Director, is quoted, "We think it's a win-win for coastal property owners and recreational users." He observed that MITA members take very seriously the privilege of permitted use of private islands, supporting a number of volunteer clean-ups, monitoring programs and environmental education initiatives not only for the private islands but also for more than 60 state-owned islands and shore side parks. He concluded, "It's a really good exchange of responsibilities by all parties. The islands are being shared by people who love them and know what they're doing."

Continuing its leadership role, MITA last month announced a partnership with the Kennebunkport Conservation Trust to add an additional 12 islands to the Trail. "MITA is working very hard to expand the Trail in order to accommodate an ever-increasing number of visitors to Maine without increasing visitor impact on individual sites,"

Executive Director Karen Stimpson said. "Many of these places are very fragile," she said, "and our recommended capacity limits coupled with Leave No Trace practices, volunteer monitoring, and clean-ups can protect them from over-use."

The Maine Island Trail Association was founded in 1987 to establish a model of thoughtful use and volunteer stewardship for Maine islands. It facilitates the concept that the people who care about Maine's islands should care for them. MITA currently has under its stewardship over 150 islands and mainland properties ranging from Kennebunkport to Machias. Membership is \$45/year; \$65 for families. Contact MITA at www.mita.org or (207) 761-8225.

Opinions...

Upside Down Cartopping Best

I completely agree with Mississippi Bob Brown that upside down is the proper position for cartopping boats. My cartopping experience goes back to 1946. I built a Seashell dinghy from Hagerty's \$35 kit, cobbled together a sloop rig with a bed sheet sail, and added a daggerboard. I built a cartop carrier that hooked to the rain gutters and trailered it from Wilmington, Delaware, to West Yarmouth, Massachusetts, and back. I have been cartopping boats, lumber, etc. ever since.

Upside down is best aerodynamically, and if heavy rain is encountered on the trip there won't be all that water sloshing around unstably overhead. If the boat is longer than an 8' pram, singlehanded cartopping setting, the bow on the rear bar, picking up the stern, and sliding the boat forward is easy to do.

I sold my Nutmeg (aka \$200 Sailboat) plans business to Thom Vetromile who runs Small Boat Forum. Anyone without internet access can call Thom at (206) 546-0857 or write him at 10612 Wallingford Ave. N, Shoreline, WA 98133. I have referred people interested in selling the Matsushita saw blades I was marketing to Matsushita America.

Dave Carnell, Wilmington, NC

Upside Down Cartopping Either Way

On the "upside-down/right-side-up cartopping" discussion, I do it both ways. Our big double kayak hangs right-side-up from pulleys in the garage, and because it's awkward get onto the car upside-down, we just lower it onto foam "dogbones" on top of the car for short trips. However, when we go on a long trip, we take the extra trouble and turn it upside-down on gunwale blocks, not because we're worried about the aerodynamics but because the boat could pick up a lot of water if we drove through a rainstorm. In either case, we tie it down with two ratchet straps and with a wishbone rope through the bow fitting.

Peter Heinlein, Lake Hiawatha, NJ

"Outboard Motor" Appropriateness

One of your readers wondered about the appropriateness of the term "motor" in outboard motor. In a similar vein, I wonder about the term "outboard" when an outboard is mounted inboard in a well.

Prior to retiring, my job with the Federal Government often had me scanning Federal Supply Catalog lists for info on electronic parts and supplies. Because the hun-

dreds of thousands items in the lists were intermingled without regard to type, I often noticed some interesting, non-electronic items such as "Projectile, 16 inch" and "Clamp, Penis" to name two.

One day I discovered what the Federal Government calls an outboard motor, "Self Contained Marine Propulsion Unit." A bit wordy, but certainly more fitting than outboard motor in many situations. Maybe its acronym SCMPU (pronounced scampoo) will catch on someday.

Bryan Shrader, Port Townsend WA

Free Thinker for Real

Boy, that Curtis Nichols is a free thinker for real. Whew. It is too bad he didn't keep that "Best Aluminum Boat Ever" (May 15). I believe he is right the way he did it... reinforcing the bottom with two additional extrusions and putting two transom knees in there made a better boat than a Grumman Sport boat. I also think those canoe thwart up on the rails stiffened the boat better than a sport boat. But the result was still smaller both in length and width. At first I was sort of skeptical that he actually put a 25 on that little thing (24" pitch wheel!) but then looking at his picture on that motorcycle (unpublished photo), he does have that look in his eye. I think 60mph is a conservative estimate. Whew! I bet Peaches didn't like it

Robb White, Thomasville, GA

Projects...

Adorable Old-Fashioned Contraption

My Gisele was once a Raven sloop but now is an adorable old-fashioned contraption, as one of my friends put it. It's a long story I'll share with you one day, but not today as I must go out and sand her enlarged rudder.

Michael Ince, Brookhaven, NY



Dreamcatcher Progress

I have been working regularly on *Dreamcatcher*. The hull is finished, glass covered in epoxy, painted white, and turned right-side-up. Next is the centerboard and trunk, and decks fore and aft. I have found that some things do not scale down to be of any use (*Dreamcatcher* is a half-size version of the famed 36' Chesapeake skipjack *Messenger*) and I have to decide how to make the changes.

The foot well is 38"x38". Scaled down it will be useless, maybe a hatch and storage in that space. The hold will become the cockpit. The bridge deck culling board, 18" wide scaled to 9" doesn't do much and would probably not look right at that size. The little cabin will scale down for storage as it will be too short for bunks unless I reduce the cockpit and extend the cabin top to 74". It changes the look quite a bit.

It is still going well in spite of that stuff. And, I may get Seamus involved to speed up the process. Well, maybe. Still, I don't think she will be ready for the MASCF in '06 but '07 is a real possibility. I think I will have the basic boat complete by this fall but the sails

Carpinteras de Ribera

Here are two photos my grandfather took in the '40s somewhere on the shores of Lake Maracaibo in Venezuela. These men are referred to locally as carpinteras de ribera (shore carpenters). My grandfather died last year, six months short of his 100th birthday.

Frank San Miguel, Landenburg, PA



and spars will most likely not be ready. Same for a trailer and a vehicle to tow her.

All of which I am working on, especially the tow vehicle. Naomi's minivan would probably work. I'll have to get her used to that idea if my plan for buying a mini pickup truck doesn't work out. Maybe I'll tell her it is for her. I don't want to spoil her though.

I got a very nice note from Robb White in regard to my Skipjack stories in the March 1 issue. He mentioned that he will be in St. Michaels this fall for the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival. He is the speaker for Saturday evening.

Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY

Poet's Corner...

My Favorite Pirate

I will not be renewing the gift subscription for my daughter's fiance, as he has tragically passed away. As well as being her Dad, her Mom's Mate, and one of the many friends of her fiance, I was this close to becoming his father-in-law! He and I both loved the sea and we especially enjoyed pirate lore. I called him my favorite pirate. It therefore seems appropriate at this time to offer this memorial on his behalf:

ARRGH!

It be time to weigh anchor
All ye chum-swilling bilge rats
The wind's shifted and scuttled our plans

Now stow that bilge, I'll have no weeping
Over me barnacle-encrusted bones
Or I'll keelhaul the lot of ye

It be a good life I've had
Making the pirate rounds
With all ye hornpipe-dancing seadogs

I've sailed the Seven Seas
Downed me share of salty dogs
And sung the chanteys with the best of 'em

And I finally found me a proud beauty
It was a joy to drop anchor in her lagoon
And swing in the wench's rigging

I did me best to hornswoggle the hangman
But shiver me timbers
He be a tough ol' buccaneer

Now I see the sun's over the yardarm
It be time to raise the Jolly Roger
And haul anchor for exotic places

So, mateys, off ye go to find your treasure
And me, why I be off to Zanzibar!

Dale Woolley, Costa Mesa, CA

Most of the readership of this publication probably know I'm a bit sour on Long Island, having witnessed and participated in its ruin, lot by lot, parcel by parcel, over the course of many decades residence thereon. So it pleases me to give this book a hearty recommendation.

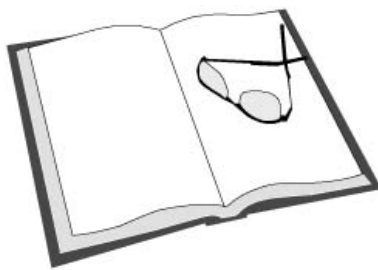
Patience, now, I can already see the heads out there shaking. Long Island? The nation's most densely paved over, bulkheaded, dredged, infilled, clear cut, and industrially contaminated island? Can there really be any decent paddling grounds left? Are there any paddling grounds at all? Well, the answer is actually, yes. For Long Island is nothing if not a study in contrast. There are still some gems to be found amongst the slag heaps. For the reader unfamiliar with the lay of the land, a brief introduction to the place will serve to explain.

Imagine a traveler standing along the East Side of Lower Manhattan, peering across the East River at the land mass that is Long Island. To the uninitiated, the natural first question might be one concerning whether Long Island is little more than one gigantic garbage heap sitting awash in a sea of stinking sewage. Now, it really isn't, although depending on your vantage point it would be easy to arrive at such an assumption. Staring slack-jawed out over the water at the western terminus of Long Island our traveler might be easily persuaded to the truth of it.

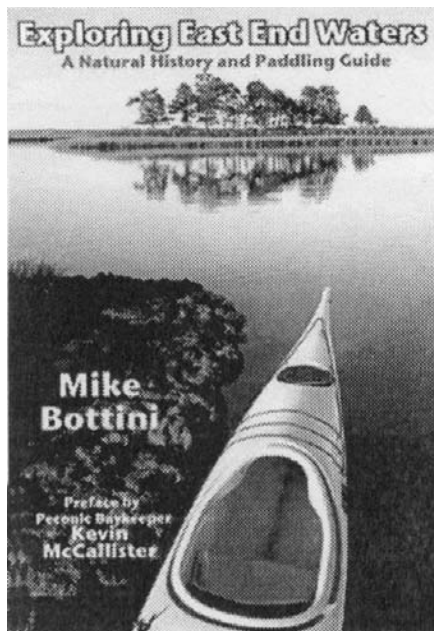
Here Long Island is to be found capped by an accretion of asphalt and concrete referred to as the borough of Brooklyn, the product of 400 years or so of relentless, non-stop urban development. The effluence of the millions laps at its shoreline. Here and there are to be found small patches where the soil has yet to be stripped out or capped, some of these patches are parks, others mere forgotten wastelands on the fringe, others remain simply because they haven't got to them yet.

Continuing east into Queens County, still within the great metropolis, does little to shake our traveler's initial impressions. Here the urban riot lapses into even greater incoherence, Brooklyn again, but now oozing out of its confines uncontrolled like entrails out of a rotted corpse. Queens is even more poorly planned and without even the benefit of a mass transit system sufficiently developed to serve its teeming population, a district choking in auto congestion, slap-dash architecture, bulkheaded shorelines, and industrial canals filled with unidentifiable scums too abhorrent to contemplate, no less drop a canoe into. Surely, surely, the preliminary assumption must hold true.

Further to the east our now jaded traveler beholds the fair county of Nassau. Historically an agricultural satellite of the City, once fringed with the summer mansions of the Manhattan plutocracy, it fell to the developers following the end of World War II. Self-proclaimed visionaries, such as Bill Levitt, decided that having failed to create liveable cities in the west, they wouldn't even bother trying in Nassau. Instead, they created the suburbs, a pretentious stab at mimicking the lifestyle offered by the Gold Coast mansions but with an eye towards the common man. Its hallmarks were even less planning than in Queens, utter contempt for even the concept of efficient movement of people (mass transit or otherwise), and outright malice towards the natural systems that made up the landscape, including the waterways.



Book Review



Exploring East End Waters A Natural History And Paddling Guide

By Mike Bottini
Harbor Electronic Publishing
80 E. 11th St., New York, NY 10003
Paperback, 256 pp., \$19.95
ISBN 0-9740201-6-8
eBook \$9.95
ISBN 0-9740201-7-6

Reviewed by Brian Salzano

The product was a sprawling vomit of cheap frame houses bounded by stunted lawns and asphalt strips eradicating nearly every natural feature. The waterways in particular were treated as simple nuisances that were suitable for nothing more than dredging and bulkheading. It's true, in some of the far reaches of the county, individual, and state intervention managed to save some of the land. Jones Beach stretches for several miles along the Atlantic coast on the south shore. Behind that lies Hempstead Bay, comprising (along with Jamaica Bay in neighboring Queens) some of the most extensive wetlands in the Northeast, albeit with an infinite variety of plasticized garbage beating mercilessly upon the shores of its marshes and creeks in the wake of an endless stream of overpow-

ered luxury tubs driven by drunk, ignorant, and inconsiderate moron suburbanites.

Paddlers, beware. Along the North Shore many of the Gold Coast mansions staved off development and eventually reverted to the state as the Gatsby lifestyle crashed and burned in the wake of the double whammy of stock-market collapse and FDR's eat-the-rich tax assaults. Many of the Gold Coast estates were then donated to or purchased for preservation by various municipalities. But between the two lies a sprawl of chintz architecture swimming in a sea of snaking automotive sewers. Perhaps our traveler's initial judgement was correct after all.

Next stop eastbound is Suffolk County. As the first ring suburbs of Nassau filled, reverted to slum, or became otherwise unattractive to many, the western reaches of Suffolk were next to fall under the developer's ax, with similar effect. Sprawl, congestion, topsoils stripped, watersheds paved over, and generations enslaved to the automobile.

I had the most jarring experience a while back. Driving along in my car one day I had, by regretful habit, turned on the week-end NPR broadcast. As I drove down Route 27 past the towering, seething Yaphank landfill, the same landfill that is wreaking havoc on the ground water quality of a huge swath of the South Shore (along with the tritium leak from the nuke at the Brookhaven National Laboratory), I was astounded to hear a reporter based out in Riverhead describe the place in the following terms:

"Suffolk County, about 40 miles east of New York City, is comprised of fishing hamlets, ocean beaches, sprawling farmland, and mostly private homes..." Sounds impressive, do it not? Don't pack your bags just yet. The Suffolk County I know is a bit different. Amidst the hundreds of miles of coastline it comprises there may indeed be a handful of fishing hamlets left. And hamlet is a strange choice of word. The most active of these is probably the one located in Montauk, and it's a bristling industrial operation, far from what your mind would conjure from the term hamlet. There are a few others, all in sharp decline as the waters surrounding the county are slowly turning into dead zones, barely suitable for pond scum, no less a viable aquaculture.

The entire lobster fishery of the west end of the Long Island Sound closed up several years ago as the water quality finally hit rock bottom and the lobsters asphyxiated. Last summer there were even cases of respiratory distress amongst people living near the Forge River out in Moriches as the estuary went completely hypoxic and began to emit sulfurous fumes into the surrounding neighborhoods of McHouses, whose effluence of suburban chemicals, lawn additives, pesticides, and high runoff rates did nothing to ease the problem.

The shellfish industry in the Great South Bay, just down the road from me, is no more than a shadow of its former self. There might be 20 rigs working full time scattered over the 40 or so miles worth of bay. There used to be hundreds, but overharvesting, coliform contamination, and the red tide put an end to most of that years ago. The fishery on the East End is doing better but they are under continuing and increasing threat of the same.

The sprawling farmland ain't so sprawling anymore. Most of it has gone to the developers and is now how to rank upon rank of condos or McHouses. The topsoil which supported what was once a truly huge

farming industry has been ploughed up and shipped out, at least that portion of it not hopelessly contaminated with Temik or arsenic from intensive industrial cultivation. Even the "mostly private" caveat concerning Suffolk homes is entering a period of flux in which many have already become boarding houses for immigrants too poor to afford the stiff mortgage and tax rates that characterize the area.

The notion that the suburbs of today represent the slums of tomorrow has some ring to it. In many parts of Long Island it has already come to pass, and as the urban exodus of the last three decades increasingly reverses itself this trend is likely to continue, especially as those commodities that make suburban life possible, cheap gasoline, fuel oil, and natural gas, continue their out-of-control inflationary spiral.

But lest we get carried away in negativity, it must be conceded that most of this spewing bile is in reference to the western portions of Suffolk. As one continues further east out onto the north and south forks there is change. Gradually the march of the particle board houses ceases and the landscape gives way to a variety of scrub and mature forest, meadow, and here and there even some unbuilt shoreline. The density of sprawl decreases markedly and it's almost as if a roadblock has been set in the path of the bulldozer. Long Island begins to lose some of its tarnish. Our traveler may even be treated to the sight of whitetail deer, wild turkey, all sorts of avian raptors and piscivores, and not only as roadkill along Route 27. The place begins to regain some semblance of balance.

Maybe not exactly balance, the woods here are infested with Lyme and Ehrlichiosis bearing ticks, West Nile bearing mosquitoes, and other hallmarks of an environment terribly out of balance, but for the first time our traveler senses some sort of real move away from the purely machine made/ravaged landscape. Encouraged now to continue on, he arrives finally at what is referred to as the East End, the fabled Hamptons, the South and North Forks of Long Island, playground of the rich and famous, home to the glitterati, exclusive retreat of the fatuous and prolix from literary, art, entertainment, and other intellectually decaying industries in New York and Los Angeles. Stomping grounds of the Spielberg, the Martha, and their A-list ilk.

Here one finds explanation for the sudden change. Loaded and connected, residents of the East End had been watching the western onslaught for a long time. They knew that their own open tracts and clean waters were next in line. Cynically rallying around the issue of watershed conservation (too little, too late, that) they created the aptly named "Pine Barrens Region." Here, developmental pressures emanating from the west would be halted as the state was induced to declared vast tracts of the island's eastern core to be a vital watershed zone and off-limits to the builders, or at least those builders who could not afford the right sort of lawyer. Amid great fanfare the Pine Barrens were established in the mid 1980s and the A-list returned back to their East End retreats to enjoy their unspoiled beaches, their pristine marshes and bays, their rolling moors.

But the developers were unfazed. Accepting the edicts of the state, they simply leap-frogged the Pine Barrens and landed smack in the middle of the East End where they began unceremoniously swinging the

meat ax. Anguished cries of the privileged classes were to be heard but the developers offered irresistible riches to local farming families and tore into the potato and cauliflower fields with a vengeance. Armies of Frankenhomes marched shoulder to shoulder across the now toxin-laced soils of former farms, attracting the up-island bourgeois, with their gas-guzzlers in tow, with the sprawl, retail strips, fry-pits, and choking mazes of asphalt rivers built to service their incessant consumer demands. Even the abject cries of the landed East End gentry took on more the tone of piggish squeals of delight as the property under their feet began inflating to valuations formerly inconceivable. And the onslaught continues to this day...

It is against this backdrop that Mike Bottini writes. I've done quite a bit of sailing and paddling out on the East End myself so I know full well that, despite my dour assessments, there are some marvelous stretches of Long Island coastline that haven't been built to death yet. Mike has been to all of them and then some. But he doesn't harbor any pretensions about the processes at work there. With a graduate degree in ecology and 14 years working as a naturalist in the Group for the South Fork (an East End environmental advocacy group) he is acutely aware of the immense changes taking place and the increasing level of threat faced by the region, and he doesn't flinch from pointing it out, such as in this passage from a section concerning a paddle route through the Shinnecock Bay:

"Much of Meadow Lane's natural environment, its barrier beach, dunes, and salt marsh communities, has been compromised by a scale of residential development that is quite shocking. And it doesn't end with the huge houses, swimming pools, tennis courts, pool houses, and landscaping plans that incorporate sod, topsoil, and underground irrigation systems as part of the mix. The result, every trace of the dune setting that first attracted people to this beautiful spot is obliterated. I really don't understand what possesses people to do this."

Perhaps more than anything, the book serves as documentation of the changes being brought about by the relentless pressures currently being imposed on the East End. Existing between the lines of competent and prosaic descriptions of paddling routes are dramatic stories of environmental successes and failures. For every Gardiner's Island, 3,000 acres of pristine land that have been spared the meat ax by nearly 500 years of continuous single family ownership, there is a Meadow Lane. For every Robin's Island, 435 acres just recently snatched from the jaws of developers by a private Wall Street baron and now undergoing extensive restoration, there is a Genet Creek, a once intact estuary now ravaged by residential sub-divisions.

Of course, that one can not actually set foot on Robin's or Gardiner's Islands without permission from the owners, and permission is not granted except on matters of official business, the argument can be made that they are serving nothing but selfish interests. This may be true in the instant, but in contrast to alternatives that amount to clear-cut/pave-over development, it may represent the lesser of two evils. Historically, on Long Island massive private holdings seldom persist, especially in the midst of intensive suburbanization (I mean, what rich guy would put up with all the crappy neighbors). There may

come a day when the private set-asides of the East End may revert to publicly accessible reserves. The Morton Wildlife Refuge on the south side of the Peconic Bay, deeded to the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service back in the 1950s (and an excellent paddling area, well documented by Bottini) already serves as such an example. Some of the best parkland in the western stretches of Suffolk evolved in exactly the same manner.

If we take this silly intellectualizing to the extreme we could classify the entire East End as a crucible for testing the propositions of Garret Hardin's renowned 1968 essay, "The Tragedy of the Commons," the classic libertarian plea for private control as the only solution to the staggering environmental destruction witnessed during that tumultuous decade. For those not familiar with the essay (famed or infamous, depending on your view), it can easily be found in a web search. The basic proposition of the work is quite salient to the of subject of land development on the East End and can be summed up in this brief excerpt:

"The tragedy of the commons develops in this way. Picture a pasture open to all. It is to be expected that each herdsman will try to keep as many cattle as possible on the commons. Such an arrangement may work reasonably satisfactorily for centuries because tribal wars, poaching, and disease keep the numbers of both man and beast well below the carrying capacity of the land. Finally, however, comes the day of reckoning, that is, the day when the long-desired goal of social stability becomes a reality. At this point, the inherent logic of the commons remorselessly generates tragedy.

"As a rational being, each herdsman seeks to maximize his gain. Explicitly or implicitly, more or less consciously, he asks, 'What is the utility to me of adding one more animal to my herd?' This utility has one negative and one positive component.

"1) The positive component is a function of the increment of one animal. Since the herdsman receives all the proceeds from the sale of the additional animal, the positive utility is nearly +1.

"2) The negative component is a function of the additional overgrazing created by one more animal. Since, however, the effects of overgrazing are shared by all the herds-men, the negative utility for any particular decision-making herdsman is only a fraction of 1.

"Adding together the component partial utilities, the rational herdsman concludes that the only sensible course for him to pursue is to add another animal to his herd. And another, and another... But this is the conclusion reached by each and every rational herdsman sharing a commons. Therein is the tragedy. Each man is locked into a system that compels him to increase his herd without limit in a world that is limited. Ruin is the destination toward which all men rush, each pursuing his own best interest in a society that believes in the freedom of the commons. Freedom in a commons brings ruin to all."

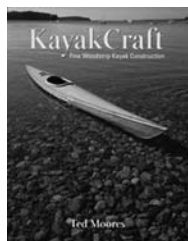
It's fascinating to examine the East End through this lens. Surely it can be considered a commons: zoning, tax, and land-use regulations give the municipality more control over the land than the ostensible owners. Permission to subdivide and build is ultimately then a municipal decision. And in a democracy (alive and well on the East End, as people have the cash needed to make their

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voices heard) government controlled land is tantamount to publicly controlled land. Using Hardin's lens, a glance about the East End brings the Tragedy of the Commons into stark relief, the difference being the herds-men are homeowners and their cattle are the McMansions. But the end is the same, a frequently ravaged environment, changed by the hand of man into a form unrecognizable from its origins.

But the news is not all bad. The counter argument to Hardin are the many and varied state and locally administered parks in which the collective will to put a stop to the madness manifests itself. Amidst all the glitter and hubris of the East End it is still possible to escape to places yet unaltered by the hand of man, or if not unaltered, then in the midst of restorative processes, even if those processes amount to little more than leaving it alone to recover as nature may guide it.

Much of the East End has been under intensive agricultural use of one type or another for nearly 500 years and it is actually a challenge to find even wild places that do not bear the stamp of man and his industries in one form or another. But altered is not destroyed. Many of the wetlands have been extensively altered over time, channels cut and dredged, exotic species introduced, spoils islands created, even the occasional purposeful breaching of land barriers between fresh and salt water bodies, as happens to this day at the gut of Sagg Pond and others. But they are still viable, functioning environments.

As Bottini takes pains to point out, there is a difference between altering and destroying. In such a high density environment alteration is at times unavoidable. It is the destruction that we both rue. And there is no better way to make a ground level assessment than by kayak or canoe. As such, for those looking to make their judgements first hand, or for those simply looking to get away from the madding crowd for a bit, I would highly recommend this book.

On the practical side (as opposed to the pointy headed rambling that seems to have characterized much of this review) there is also to be found in this book excellent pointers on navigating the often purposely difficult and obtuse parking regulations created by the various localities in an effort to control the tourists and prevent the presence of automobiles ruining the ocean views of the plutocracy. If a day visitor is willing to brave the traffic out to the East End (in season it can be bad enough to liquefy your brain) then the trick is to manage parking without getting ticketed, towed, or roughed up by supremely arrogant town rent-a-cops. Bottini lets the reader in on all the secrets, State land with unrestricted parking, the rare and unmarked public accesses, and pointers on getting your hands on permits.

Even more enjoyable than the paddling narratives are the many panels addressing the natural history, flora, and fauna of the East End. Long Island has a fascinating geological history and hosts a panoply of indigenous and migratory species. Bottini treats much of it in great detail. I would even go so far as to suggest that the book would serve as an excellent primer for anyone interested in introducing themselves to the East End of the island, or at least what remain of its wilder aspects.



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OkoumeFest 2006

Celebrating Amateur Boatbuilders

Chesapeake Light Craft will be hosting a small boat festival on June 9-11 in Annapolis and Edgewater, Maryland. OkoumeFest is a family-friendly event centered on the joys of building and using small boats. The event dates back to 1998 when CLC realized that people who have built their own boats enjoy meeting others like themselves. OkoumeFest gets its name from the beautiful Okoume plywood that is ubiquitous in home-built boat projects, including CLC's popular boat kits.

Since its inception, builders have used CLC's OkoumeFest to show off their new boats, to meet with other boatbuilders and compare notes, to attend workshops and demonstrations, and to play on the water. With 33 designs in the CLC fleet alone, kayaks, canoes, rowing shells, rowboats, and sailing dinghies, OkoumeFest will have something for every small boat enthusiast. All small boats are welcome, regardless of material or type.

The event kicks off Friday afternoon, June 9, with an open house at the CLC factory featuring varnishing and epoxy seminars and CNC-machine demonstrations, followed by a reception in the evening. On Saturday, June 10, on-water activities and boat demos will be held at YMCA's Camp Letts on the Rhode River. Attendees who bring their own boats will be eligible for prizes such as Best Overall Boat, Best Paint Job, and Best Outfitted Boat. Saturday will also feature some fun boat races and paddling demonstrations. OkoumeFest will wind up on Sunday, June 11, with a morning nature paddle on the Rhode River.

Full details and registration information about OkoumeFest are available at www.clcboats.com or by calling (410) 267-0137.



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In March 2005, as I paddled across Florida Bay in the dark to complete my third Everglades Challenge, a 300-mile race from Tampa to Key Largo using only a paddle, I felt the need to try something different. I began a quest for a sponsor who would allow me to use a boat with a sail. It seemed prudent to move one rung up the ladder in the evolution of boating.

Looking around the campsite/finish line at Key Largo, it became clear that Kruger Canoes dominated the WaterTribe Class 3. Class 3 consists of boats that can be sailed or paddled and whose sailing rig can be carried inside the vessel. Stan Hanson, aka Etchemin, offered me the opportunity to try his Kruger Seawind that was equipped with a Balogh sail. Over an hour later I brought it back. As a teenager I learned how to sail on my friend's Herreshoff Buzzard Bay Boys Boat. We literally spent days on end sailing around Long Island Sound. The little jaunt in Stan's Kruger rekindled the joy of sailing a boat that was stable, reasonably fast and would throw just enough spray in my face to let me know I was on the water.

I began seeking sponsorships. Receiving a sponsorship is a significant responsibility, the recipient needs to not just complete the event, the recipient needs to make the sponsors equipment look good. To meet this responsibility I needed to locate a boat that was:

Reasonably fast under sail, under ideal conditions a cold front will appear on the second day of the event and boats can run a broad reach for the first 270 miles and tack the last 30. Even if the conditions were not ideal, there are numerous open water crossing where a good tacking plan could be faster than just paddling.

Reasonably efficient when paddled, if the wind should die during the Everglades Challenge or if the normal easterly wind is blowing, it will be necessary to paddle the last 30 miles from Flamingo to Key Largo.

Stable and forgiving, the key to being competitive in an expedition race is to minimize time lost off the water for mundane things like sleeping. Good planning takes some of the decision making out of the cockpit, but experience has taught that there will be times when solo racers will make mistakes. When the racer makes a mistake, his only partner is the boat and she has to cover for his errors.

I tried boats made by other manufacturers, some paddled well, others were blisteringly fast under sail, but none could match the balance of speed and stability of a Kruger. In May, 2005 I received an offer from Jack Cramer, who was an employee of Kruger Canoes, to use his Seawind during the '06 Everglades Challenge.

A demanding work schedule and the damages done at my "day job" by Hurricane Wilma prevented me from driving to Michigan to get the boat before the Everglades Challenge. It also reduced the amount of time available for physical training, although working during the Hurricane Wilma restoration enhanced my ability to work when sleep deprived.

My first outing in Jack's Seawind was two days before the 2006 Everglades Challenge! Clearly the stage was set for my sponsor to be hugely disappointed.

The Challenge started off with light winds out of the west. I tacked out of Tampa Bay Harbor at 07:00 and eased south, only to

Doing the Everglades Challenge in a Kruger Canoe

By Bill Herrmann

feel the winds die. At about 10:00 the winds began to freshen out of the northwest, announcing the arrival of a front. This was the good fortune I needed, fair winds to and leeboard using the GPS as to determine how to maximize the Kruger/Balogh's efficiency. I was about a half mile behind the owner of Kruger Canoes and apparently in second place.

While I was running almost dead ahead of the wind I noted that the starboard ama just did not look right. The line securing it was loose! It looked as if my lack of experience with the boat was going to hurt me. As the boat turned to a due east heading back to shore, the starboard ama was to lee. The question of what happens if the leeward ama comes off started to play out in my mind. I made landfall without a problem and surfed onto the beach about three miles north of the Venice Inlet.

After properly securing the starboard ama and rechecking the port ama I was eager to continue as I launched the boat into the sloppy Gulf Coast waves. Having surf launched kayaks thousands of times, it was a case of executing my ritual, rudder down to allow easy handling once moving, walk the boat past the first wave break, jump in, and paddle like hell. The difference is that a wave will move a canoe with two amas and a sail backwards about 10' before I could paddle, just enough distance towards shore to pound the rudder onto the beach and break the rudder pin.

Back on shore again, now with a broken rudder. I pondered my options. The community where I was "canoe-wrecked" was one of those exclusive communities with private guards. One has to wonder if their concern about getting me off the beach is for my benefit or just that they want the riff-raff off their beach. I was able to beg a wire hanger from a resident who was on the beach. Breaking off one of the straight sides of the hanger I fashioned a flimsy rudder pin. It would not be too durable, but I could make the next checkpoint.

Re-launching, I pushed the boat out until the water was at my neck, jumped in and paddled out. Not wanting to stress my jury-rigged rudder pin by sailing, I paddled to the Venice Inlet, entered the intracoastal and landed at a popular spoil island. One of the great things about the Everglades Challenge is that over the years many of the locals know about it. They are quick to fill you in with the number of boats that have gone by and offer you a cold beer. The beer tasted great!

Gingerly I sailed the Kruger down the intracoastal. As the wind died I began to paddle, at around midnight, 17 hours after the start of the race, my lack of conditioning became evident. To many this may sound strange, but it is not uncommon for paddlers, even those of us eligible to join the AARP, to paddle 18-20 hours non-stop, take a nap, and go another 12 hours.

Arriving at the checkpoint Sunday morning at 03:48 I discovered that, by a quirk of fate, Mark Przedwojewski, the owner of Kruger Canoes, also had broken a

rudder pin. At 07:00 in the morning I awoke to the beehive of activity at the checkpoint. Mark arranged a ride to a local hardware store from Joe, one of the race officials. Leon Mathis, another competitor, and I got dropped off for a breakfast after promising to get Mark and Joe theirs to go. At around 9:30, exhausted, but with a new rudder pin, I left the checkpoint and sailed south. The sail from Placida to Chokoloskee was uneventful. What became very clear was that my choice of boats was prudent. I was able to drop anchor and sleep for about an hour in the boat, as well as catnap while under sail.

I arrived at the Chokoloskee at 03:10 on Tuesday morning and left around 07:00. Clearing Rabbit Key Pass, I set the GPS to the Graveyard Creek waypoint and turned on the off course alarm. With an easy west wind and the boat making 5mph, I lay back onto the rear canvas and closed my eyes. Using the change of the sun on my face to tell the course I drifted in and out of sleep as my feet worked the rudder pedals. About five to six miles down the coast I knew my course would put me three miles off the coast.

At about that point the wind began to freshen. Nap time was over! The next seven hours merge together into a blur. The wind was blowing a solid 15+mph just north of west and the seas were 2'-3'. Suddenly the broken rudder pin was a blessing! Knowing that the manufacturer had installed new cables the day before the race, that he had just inspected the rudder and installed a new pin meant I could push the equipment hard without having to worry too much about failure. I was in the right spot, with the right equipment.

Using the tell-tails and the GPS I was able to trim the Kruger so she cruised at about 7-8mph and hit 10mph when she caught a wave. But the Gulf of Mexico was true to form and a watch had to be kept for the rogue waves that if allowed to catch me off guard could cause problems. Several times during this leg I shot video footage using my digital camera. My voice in the clip's narration reflects the strain of sleep deprivation, stress from pushing on the left rudder peg as hard as I can, yelling over the wind, and a touch of adrenaline. The video clips can be seen at video.google.com (do not use the www). Then search for "Everglades Challenge."

Seventeen hours after arriving at Chokoloskee I arrived at Flamingo. The elapsed time of 17 hours beat the previous record for that class/division on that leg of the race by over six hours. I finished the Everglades Challenge in second place behind Mark Przedwojewski, who continued on to come in second place overall in the Water Tribe's Ultimate Florida Challenge (a race around the entire peninsula of Florida).

What did I learn from this experience?

Having paddled the race three times I can attest that sailing makes it an entirely different race. When I paddle all decisions are pre-made, course selection is based on conditions versus a basic decision matrix. Once a preset course is selected in the GPS I simply follow the course arrow. Sailing a race requires constant attention to the weather and the ability to maximize the boat's resources for those conditions.

Despite having good small boat and sailing skills, a day is not enough cockpit time to be completely competitive in a boat. More cockpit time might have prevented the mistake when I launched. However, had I not had the new rudder pin, the old one may have

failed with the extreme stress placed on the boat during the record run.

The caloric intake for sailing versus kayaking is completely different. There was way too much food on board. But one can easily eat, drink, or nap under most sailing conditions.

Quality gear is worth the money. The gear that broke was the cheap stuff I was trying out. While price does not always indicate quality, it is rare that something that is inexpensive is quality. That said, the plastic front deck that covered the standard canvas was a lid from an \$8 Wal-Mart storage box. The storage box was used to organize gear in the aft area.

A good expedition boat takes care of you. The Kruger filled that bill nicely!

No matter how things look at various points in an expedition race, it ain't over 'til the finish line. There were several times when I could have thrown up my hands and decided to slow down. My persistence was rewarded with a very respectable outing.

More information about the Everglades Challenge and the Ultimate Florida Challenge can be found on the Water Tribe website, watertribe.com. Information about the gear I used from Kruger Canoes and Balogh Sails can be found at krugercanoes.com and baloghsaildesigns.com.

See you at Fort Desoto in Tampa next March!

Wintry Thoughts

The Grill Room was quiet, almost deserted that Saturday noon. He sat by the glass doors looking out absently over the river, cupping a half mug of house coffee. He was early and his appointment hadn't shown up yet, so he had time to let his thoughts wander. His eyes fell to the yard below with its sleeping hulls, shorn of their noble masts which now rested together in the steel rack stands, covered in vines of stainless cable and braided dacron. A chill breeze sliced through the yard, offering no hint of when the covers might come off with temperatures warm enough to cure paints and kick off the epoxies.

The really hard part for him was trying to bring order to his thoughts for this was his time for planning for the new season, reading the sailing mags, painting tips, new gear listings, boat to-do list, and all the endless strategizing he could pile up to try to string together a memorable sailing season. A thin smile came to his lips, along with the realization that after all the years here at his yacht club, he had still to come up with a bullet-proof system of spring readiness. There just never seemed to be enough time to get the boat to where he wanted it before launch time arrived. And so each year the boat

splashed in at 80% of his goal. Plus, there always seemed to be more spring rain on the weekends, mostly, at all the wrong times.

Maybe this year he would scale back his plans, just do what he could and defer the rest for the fall or next year. Funny, he thought, how easy it is for us to count on there being a next year. Time and life had robbed him already of some good friends and put him in mind of just how shaky our tomorrows can be. Somehow sailors are hardened optimists, he mused, and maybe that is why we find it so easy to count on fair winds and new dawns and to quickly forget mud flats, bad tacks, and deck cracks. We are strangely at peace with the certain knowledge that the very wind that propels our craft for our pleasures can be the engine of destruction that drowns or crushes those vessels when at tropical velocities. We are gamblers one and all, what other boldness of spirit could impel one to cast off from a safe mooring, into waters and weather uncertain at best, to destinations plotted but not always in reach?

The fortuitous opening of the side door broke his reverie. No good to overthink things, he concluded, as his appointment had arrived and there was work to be done. As they headed out down the stairs to the yard, the chill air sliced into his lungs and his eyes trained naturally out into the bay. And deep inside he knew the season had already begun.

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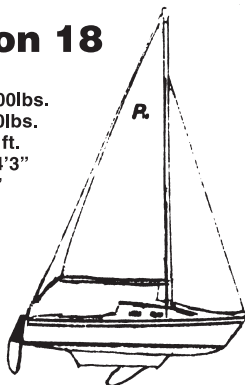
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Charles River Source to the Sea

By Steve Lapey

Segment I

On Saturday, April 1, the Norumbega Expeditionary Forces began the Charles River Source to the Sea adventure. Bill Conrad, Tom Heys, and I met under threatening skies at the small bridge over a small creek in Bellingham, Massachusetts, where High Street crosses not far from Route 126. This section of the Charles is probably the furthest upstream portion that one could reasonably expect to paddle in the water levels with which we had to work.

The put-in was easy just upstream from the bridge with just a wee bit of current going under, then the stream widened out somewhat and entered a large marsh area. We meandered through the marsh, sharing the environment with hundreds of muskrats and thousands of painted turtles. They must have just come out from hibernation and needed to warm up as they were all on the grass just out of the water. As we approached they would all slide into the water for safety, sometimes in groups of a dozen or more.

Our birdwatching expert, Tom Heys, was constantly calling out one species after another as they were all over the place. By day's end Tom's count was 18 species, from phoebes to red tail hawks to great blue herons. A great day for birding.

At the halfway point in our journey we passed through the culvert under I-495. We were not sure if this culvert was passable (the guidebook says it is passable only at low water) but we were able to pass through with no problems. It is about 300' long and about as dark as your average coal mine but we could always see the light at the end of the tunnel.

Shortly after crossing beneath the highway the river narrowed up a bit and we ran into two or three downed trees, one of which we had to lift the canoes over, others we could squeeze around. Too soon we arrived at the Maple Street Dam where we had stashed a vehicle to end this segment of our ongoing Charles River Adventure.

Bill was paddling an 18-1/2' E.M. White canoe that he recently acquired. It is an interesting old White with the usual classic lines. This canoe responded well to Bill's pole which he was able to use for much of the trip. Unfortunately, someone, quite some time ago, covered it with fiberglass which Bill plans to remove and replace with the correct canvas.

Tom showed up with a new (to him) 15' Old Town 50lb special made in 1963. This is a really pretty little boat, about 34" wide so it is very stable, yet when leaned over it slips along rather quickly. Tom thinks that it may need new canvas, but from what I saw he can get several seasons out of it before he really has to recover it.

I wasn't sure how much water we would have in the river in this segment so I left the canvas canoes on the rack and brought the 16' stripper that I made some 12 years ago. For the rest of the segments I promise to bring a wood-canvas boat!

Segment II will be from Maple Street in Bellingham to Populatic Pond. We are going to have to do it soon to get back on schedule after the cancellations of the past two weekends.

Segment II

On April 9 we continued our 2006 Source to the Sea journey on the Charles River under bright sunny skies with the temperatures climbing all day, the best paddling day of the new season. That's the good news. The bad news is, while the second segment of the Charles is navigable, it is just barely so.

Bill Conrad and I launched just downstream of the Maple Street Dam in Bellingham, Massachusetts, where we ended Segment I the week before. Fortunately, the river level was about half a foot higher than it was a week ago so the small rapids at the start were at least carrying enough water that we were able to proceed with only minor bumping and grinding as we got started.

Bill brought along the old 18-1/2' E.M. White for the second time, I brought the red cedar canvas boat that I made two years ago. The short 16' length combined with more than enough rocker made for a very maneuverable boat for these small, winding streams. In this stream I needed all the maneuverability that I could muster!

After clearing the first set of quick water we soon came upon our first real obstruction, a large oak tree spanning the entire river. This required balancing on the tree trunk while sliding the canoe over and back into the water on the other side. At the time we didn't know it but this was just the first of many trees down along this stretch. As the hours passed by there were probably a dozen or more of these trees to work our way over, under, around, or through. At the end of the day I was getting pretty good at it. At one of the downed trees there was a pinned ABS canoe caught in with the debris, it looked salvageable but we just didn't have the energy by then to get involved with it, so as far as we know it is still there for the taking.

In addition to the felled trees, we had three dams to carry around, none of which had any sort of convenient landing places, portage trails, nor put-in landings, so we had to do the best we could with what we had to work with. At the Sanford Street Dam the carry route was through a parking lot, down the street, down into an old canal bed, back up onto an island, to a put-in area with a 5' drop to a small shoreline area where we could launch into more rapids to continue our downstream adventure.

This was starting to be like Gilligan's Island, a three-hour tour gone bad. I had planned on starting out at about 9:30am and reaching our take-out by 1:30pm. Two o'clock came and went and we were nowhere near Populatic Pond nor the Myrtle Street Bridge where we had parked Bill's truck. We finally got there at about 4:00pm, tired and thirsty but at least we now know all about the upper reaches of the Charles River.

From here on, the Charles will be a piece of cake. Our next phase will be from the Myrtle Street Bridge to the Route 109 crossing in Millis. This is a portion that we have done before and is mostly flat water in a broad stretch of the river. There shouldn't be any more downed trees to get around and the next dam is the one in South Natick.

Even with all of the obstacles and the adversity, I have to say this was as good as it gets canoeing around here. I'm ready to go again, just give me a lighter canoe to drag over those trees!!! The only thing missing was beaver dams. Apparently the beavers have not made their comeback in the Charles as they have in most of our other rivers.

(To Be Continued)

There is a spot about a mile inside of the Golden Gate Bridge where the wind generated waves of San Francisco Bay coexist with the open ocean swell. For a boat sailing out the transition is subtle beginning with a gentle lifting and falling of the hull, barely noticeable. Continuing west the swell builds, soon dominating the wind waves. Passing under the bridge the change becomes more pronounced. A steady march of approaching swells, each a mass of gently sloped water, stretches to the horizon. The boat rides up, over, and down into the trough. Heeling against the press of a freshening breeze her bow wake mixes happily with the sea. Each such passage brings a sense of peace to my busy, over-scheduled life. What is it about the ocean swell that frees my soul?

On a typical work day, sitting in front of my computer, I am a solid hour's drive from San Francisco Bay and two from the ocean. Until recently I owned a small 26' sloop that sat patiently waiting for me in a slip on the Oakland Estuary. I purchased the aptly named *Muse* with John, a close friend who I have known since sixth grade. At the time we had no families and very flexible work schedules. We sailed her every chance we got, taking her out as much as three times a week. Those trips took us around the bay, out into the Gulf of the Farallones, and up the coast to Point Reyes, occasionally anchoring overnight in Drakes Bay.

Eventually everyday life caught up with us. We both had kids, John took a job in Oregon and moved away, I decided to start a small consulting company with another friend. The *Muse* sat alone in her slip, lonely and ignored. When the trips down to the bay dropped off in frequency to less than once a month, I knew what I had to do. I sold her.

When I drive by the harbor I am unable to resist a quick peek. She is always there, tugging at her dock lines eager to sail. Memories of sitting alone on her foredeck, the autopilot steering a steady course across the bay, are all too fresh. I never stay long.

Determined to not let this end my life-long affair with boating, I looked to other alternatives. I live about ten minutes from Del Valle Reservoir in Livermore, California. There is a speed limit of 10mph on the lake which keeps away all PWCs and most of the big powerboats, an ideal location to play around with small boats. Although the lake is drained to within an inch of its life by late fall, for most of the year there is plenty of water. All I had to do was find a trailerable sailboat, hitch it up to the old truck, tow it to the lake, and set sail. I pictured myself taking an early lunch, escaping to the lake for an hour or so, and returning to my desk before anybody missed me. I had found the perfect alternative to the cold windy bay.

Could I have been more naive?

In order to understand how a sane person could delude themselves to such an extent you have to realize that I had, at that point, absolutely no experience with trailerable boats. I grew up sailing San Francisco Bay and fishing the Gulf of the Farallones just outside the Golden Gate Bridge. Eventually my parents sold the sailboat and bought a series of commercial fishing boats. On these I spent a good portion of several summers working, fishing, and learning. The only time these boats left the water were for fresh coats of bottom paint.

I did not ease into this new boating lifestyle in a reasonable manner. In a frenzy

Transition

By Michael Matthews

of research I turned to my computer and began downloading brochures, joining online boating groups, ordering books about small boat voyages, and reading every small boat magazine I could get my hands on. If someone mentioned a manufacturer or model that I had not heard of I would run off and spend inordinate amounts of time investigating it. Every week I would discover, fall in love with, determine the shortcomings of, and then abandon a new boat. Finally, after exhaustive research, I made the plunge. I bought a big trailerable sailboat.

Backing my new obsession into the side yard I attempted to raise the mast with no assistance, human or mechanical. I had the mast about a third of the way up when I realized how big a mistake I was making. My back was screaming in pain. As I teetered there on the foredeck, seemingly miles above the pavement, I began having second thoughts. Lowering the mast I remembered the broker mentioning something about a mast raising kit. Rummaging through the boat I found an aluminum tube, a couple of blocks, and a coil of rope. Skeptically I examined this unfamiliar device. With a sigh I installed the system and tried again. Better, but still not trivial. Was I really going to have to do this every time I sailed?

With the mast in place I installed the boom and rigged the sails. Total time was about an hour and a half. With practice I knew I could better the time, but by how much? Even if I cut it in half, 45 minutes is a long time for a guy who is used to jumping onboard, untying the dock lines, and heading out. The seeds of doubt were planted and my dreams of lunchtime sails faded fast.

That boat lasted less than a year. I am happy to report that it did make it up to the lake a few times. I learned a lot on those trips. Mostly that the boat was too big, too hard to rig, and much more than I needed for small lake sailing. Perched up on the towering foredeck raising my 28' mast I watched as smaller boats arrived. I envied the ease at which they were rigged and launched.

For me, the best part of lake sailing involved being in the water. I loved diving off the bow of the boat, swimming down the side, and climbing back up the stern ladder. Sometimes I would throw a rope out behind the boat, jump in, and let the boat tow me as it ghosted along under a light breeze. How graceful the sails looked from water level! This was something I had never felt tempted to do in the cold wind and colder water of San Francisco Bay. Maybe this could work. All I needed was a different boat.

Next I ventured into the land of boat-building. I enjoy working with my hands and have always wanted to see if I could build something that floats. I purchased a copy of Dynamite Payson's book *Build the New Instant Boats*. My brother, a mutual friend, and myself got together, photocopied and enlarged the plans for the Skimmer from the book and proceeded to build one. I had a 15hp outboard motor sitting in my garage begging to be used. With that motor the Skimmer went like a bat out of hell. Fun boat, I still use it, but it is not sailing.

While web surfing boatbuilding sites one day I stumbled onto Shorty Pen's Puddle

Duck sailboat web site (www.pdracer.com). This was it, an easy and cheap to build little sailboat that would not require me to tie up a boat ramp while launching. Heck, I did not even need a boat ramp to launch it. In my excitement I began discussing the plan with friends at work. Several of them became infected with the sailing virus and we put together a group buildathon at my house. However, truth be told, as fun as boatbuilding is, I prefer the sailing. I began boat shopping again.

Here a problem began to surface. I cannot look at a boat without thinking, "Could I take this out in the ocean? How would it handle The Slot on a windy day?" The second question is not really fair, but one I always find myself asking when sizing up a boat, any boat. "The Slot" is the nickname for a part of San Francisco Bay that gets a steady 15 to 30 knot breeze almost every afternoon during spring and summer. It is an open stretch of water facing the Golden Gate Bridge between Alcatraz and Angel islands. The afternoon wind blows in from the ocean through the gap spanned by the bridge and continues on unhindered into Berkeley and Oakland. In the process it kicks up steep 3'-4' waves topped with 12" whitecaps. I have found these steep short waves cause a more chaotic motion in a boat than the bigger ocean swells outside the gate. Uncomfortable in a bigger boat, but I have to imagine dangerous in some small boats. How would a Sea Pearl handle it, a Dovekie or a Peep Hen?

Right now my backyard sits empty while I wrestle with these issues. I look and look and shop and shop but fail to pull the trigger. I want small, simple, and trailerable, yet it must be seaworthy. I want to sail the lakes and deltas of my native California, I really do. I enjoy the warm sun and fresh water of the local reservoir.

Yet, there is a part of me, deep in my soul, that longs for the bite of the cold wind, the taste of salt, and the long rolling swell of the ocean. Perhaps the solution is simple. I just need two boats. Yes, I can see it now...

Does salt water corrode the human brain?

PADDLES & OARS



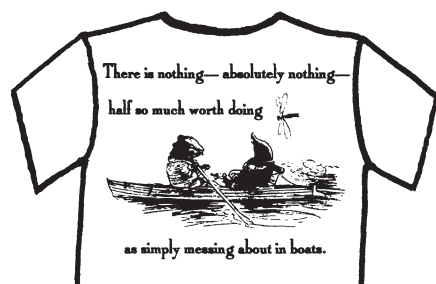
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To anyone who is looking for a new boat, or a used boat for that matter, I would like to share my experience. I was in the market for a boat to do a little fishing to get away from the pressures of work. I should lay some background here, I'm in my mid-50s and have a small company that I worked hard to get to where it is and still work at it daily. Anyway, back to the story, I looked at used boats and just didn't want the troubles that I saw in them one way or another.

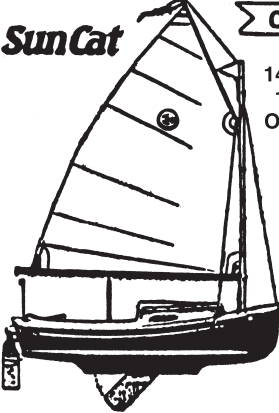
So I looked at new ones, I looked at what new boats had to offer as far as equipment, style, price, and warranty. After looking long and hard I had two choices and the choice was finalized when I attended the New York Boat Show in the dead of winter. It was to be a 33 Express Proline with a blue hull, a sharp looking tower and outrigger, the way I wanted a boat to be. The sales numbers were good, helping to finalize my decision. I thought about it long and hard as it's a large sum of money that I had worked hard to save.

I talked it over with my wife and the five-year warranty that was offered by Proline covering almost everything on the boat was her best reason to go ahead and buy the boat. It's not like I should be working on



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Buyer Beware

By Lou Criscitelli

it all the time, they wouldn't offer that kind of warranty if it was a junk, it would cost them too much to keep it repaired for five years.

So in April, with the sun warm on my face, I went to the dealer and ordered the boat of my dreams. It was a proud moment when I did it and it seemed time stopped and it seemed it would take forever to get to July and have delivery of my new boat.

Well, this is where this story takes a turning point, I went about getting and ordering the electronics, setting up a time to meet with all the parties, the electronics guy and the dealer's sales people to set it so they would both be all set to get my dream in the water as soon as it got here from the manufacturer.

Well, in late June there was snafoo #1, I was told that my boat being built on the assembly line did not have the right engines, it was too late to change them, and it would be a bit later than they thought to get another hull on the line and built, so a new schedule was set for late July, early August. Then came snafoo #2, the dealer called and the boat was there, when it came off the trailer we checked it out. It was not outfitted anywhere close to what I had ordered. The boat had no tower and no outriggers.

I was told that another boat now looked like it would be the middle of September before it got here. Well, to tell the truth, I blew my top and was talking to people in Florida, where the boat was being built, and after some back and forth the right boat outfitted the right way was at the dealers on the Friday before Labor Day. I again was a proud

man, I had my boat and within a few days I was told I would have it in the water and could take it to its new home, time was needed to prep it, paint the bottom, install the electronics, rig the outriggers, and check it out.

Well, that all went about pretty well, not as fast as I would have liked but it went pretty well. The day finally came to put the boat in the water and finish checking it out. A few guys from the dealer's crew and I boarded the boat for the sea trial. Just before setting out on the sea trial a gentleman came up to me and introduced himself as Bill, the Proline factory rep, and asked if he could join us on the sea trial. Of course, I said sure. Well, this is where things get worse.

We put out on the water. I was up at the helm, Bill and two other guys were in the cockpit, and the captain was at the controls. As the captain and I chatted about the responses of the hull, I looked back and Bill was head deep in the fish box opening looking like something was wrong. As it turned out something was wrong, water was coming in and this by itself is not something new for a new boat. But water was coming into the bilge area, not through a hose or fitting but through the fiberglass. So the sea trial was ended, we returned to the lift well where I was told that it would be pulled and repaired next week. I talked to Bill, Proline's factory rep, we discussed it being repaired in my home area. The repair was done by my marina the first winter season under Proline's direction.


When the boat was put in the water in June of the next season it was still leaking and Proline had me take it back to the dealer where it spent the whole summer season. After many phone calls and a few promises that never were fulfilled it was finally done. I was to pick it up, which I set out to do. When I got to the dealer's the boat was not ready and still needed to be cleaned and put into the water. That did happen and lo and behold it was still leaking. After calling Proline's people in Florida, I took the boat back home to wait a decision which turned out to be that Proline would take it back to the factory to be repaired right. So, arrangements were made and I watched my boat go away on a trailer headed to Florida.

The next spring the trailer showed up with my now fixed boat. The boat was prepped again and put into the water. Yup, you guessed it, still leaking. I was now out of patience, this time calls were made to the CEO of the company. He told me that it would cost me approximately \$18,000 to get a new boat after all the screwing around done by them, as well as my non-boat usage time and enjoyment, along with all the expenses that have occurred over this time period.

Well, now three years later I have had very little use of this dream of mine. I now have to spend more money to hire an attorney to fight for something that has never been right. Sure isn't what I thought I was buying. In some states there maybe a Lemon Law to help protect the buyer from the hassle of both dealers and manufacturers. It is time, like the CDL License, that the Lemon Law should be nationwide and not vary from state to state.

The way things are now the manufacturers and dealers make you spend money and hope that you get frustrated enough to drop it all. They get away scott free, leaving a product that maybe both unfit and unsafe for the waiting public to pass from person to person unwittingly. Talk about BUYER BEWARE!

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Monocacy Canoeing Madness

By Wally Foster

Al and the Girl Scouts

Al and I had signed up for a canoe camping trip on the Little Cacapon River on a CCA trip led by the C&O Canal superintendent, Dick Stanton, who had invited both Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts. It was most apparent right at the outset that these girls were well trained in canoeing and had had lots of river paddling experience. For example, to transport the canoes over a barbed wire fence at put-in, the Girl Scouts had a team of four on that side and a team of four on this side so that each canoe passed over the fence with four girls for each canoe. Beautiful.

Not so with the Boy Scouts, total confusion. Al and I did our own system by sliding "Ole Scratchy" under the fence, Al lifting the bottom strand, me shoving the canoe through.

A beautiful day on the water, medium water level, sunshine, lots of enthusiasm. The first challenge came in the form of which fork to take as an island showed up. The Girl Scouts, expertly observing that the water was flowing down the left side of the island but not the right, chose the left fork. The Boy Scouts, having been paying overt attention to the Girl Scouts in several impolite teasing events, saw a chance to pass the girls on the river by taking the right hand fork, which of course turned out to be dead-end.

Near the end of the first day a more serious challenge arose, a tree down clear across the river. The word was passed back, "Stop, go to bank, wait for the sign to continue." But the command did not state why. Al and I stopped as directed, the Girl Scouts stopped as directed, but the Boy Scouts, deciding they knew better, continued on downstream and by the time they discovered the tree lying across the river it was too late and several canoes capsized with their camping gear NOT waterproofed!

I'll never forget the campfire after supper, the Girl Scouts sang beautiful camping songs well into the late hours. Al and I observed, "Maybe we should have been Girl Scouts," the ultimate compliment.

The night wasn't all that quiet, the Boy Scouts had trouble sleeping in their wet underwear and wet sleeping bags. But, breakfast over, the tents were taken down and packed. "Hey, Al, I thought our pancakes tasted pretty good."

On the river at the scheduled time and not too long afterwards, Al observed considerable chattering among the Girl Scouts. In addition, they seemed to be casting a fair number of secretive glances at us. Finally one of the GS canoes paddled over to us and asked what we thought was an odd question, "Mr. Webb, could you tell us what time it is?" When Al replied that it was 10:15, his reply was received with loud groans from all of the GS canoes. Upon inquiring from the GS what the groans were about, Al was told that the GS in taking their tents down and getting into their canoes at the appointed time, did not have time to prepare and eat breakfast!

And so it was that our two bags of cookies disappeared in a hurry.

Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts and the MCC

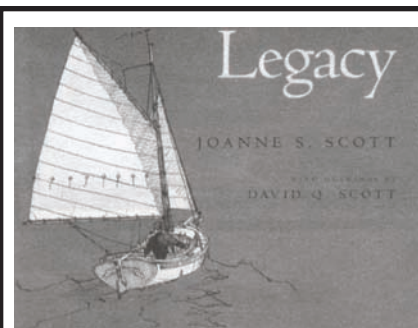
It had dawned on the MCC leadership some large number of years ago that in the name of public service we could invite some Boy Scouts to go with us down the Potomac a second time, this one from Harpers Ferry to Point of Rocks on a canoe camping trip, the Boy Scouts to have their camping equipment delivered to them at the Brunswick bridge.

Navigating the three ledges just below the US 340 bridge was successful, the boys having been carefully instructed at the entrance to each ledge. It was a great trip and lots of fun with water fights all the time. Despite the luxurious growth of poison ivy on the island just above Brunswick, the camping event was a good experience and the next day's take-out at Point of Rocks more of the same.

But the word got out that the Girl Scouts also wanted to go canoeing with us, so we invited them also, but on a one-day trip, starting again at the Harpers Ferry bridge and taking out at Knoxville.

Trouble reared its ugly head right away at put-in, the girls having been instructed how to carry a canoe, four girls per canoe, absolutely refused to cooperate despite the frantic urgings of the GS leader (who somehow lost one of her contacts on the occasion). So the MCC men carried the canoes. Navigating the three ledges wasn't easy, but there were no capsizes.

The next day or so as the MCC, in a follow-up survey of how the girls felt about the trip, were astonished to hear: "We had a miserable time but at least we don't have to put up with our brothers talking about their trip anymore."



By Joanne S. Scott

With Drawings by David Q. Scott

In these days of fiberglass, one could perhaps understand how a sailor could succumb to owning a wooden boat, but four, five, over ten? Here is woven a tale through narrative poetry of the foibles and romance of a sail-smitten family and the steady accumulation of one fine character boat after another.

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International Scene

There will be strong growth in the numbers of VLCC's, those mega-tankers, in the next four years due to new building but, paradoxically, there will also be a shortage because of early scrappings due to single-hull phaseouts before 2010. Look for a strong surge of building orders for delivery in 2009 and 2010.

Singapore was probably the busiest container port in 2005, with 23.2 million TEU being handled.

Hard Knocks and Thin Places

Lots of incidents/accidents this month:

In thick, freezing fog in the English Channel, the chemical carrier *Cape Bradley* and the cargo ship *Star Herda* collided. Severe above-water damage to both.

Off Guernsey and in the English Channel, the bulk carrier *General Grot-Rowecki* collided with the chemical tanker *Ece*, and the *Ece* sank while under tow by the emergency towing vessel *Abeille Liberte*.

In Sydney, the crude tanker *Desh Rakshak* hit the harbor bottom while under control of a pilot. The vessel is double-hulled so no oil escaped but rocks were found inside the outer hull.

The capesize tanker *Anangel Dynasty* ran aground in Turkey's Dardanelles Strait and closed one lane for some time.

The small cargo ship *Susan* carrying 1,500 tons of pottery in 48 containers from Spain to Sfax capsized and all six crew were saved by a Tunisian warship.

Salvors completed lifting the pusher tug *Polana* from the River Danube, a tough job because the fast-moving current tended to fill the vessel with silt. The tug sank in December after a fire.

The master of the Liberian-flagged container ship *Agaman* fell overboard in heavy seas 190 miles east of Cape Hatteras and was not found.

A crewman went overboard from the coastal tug *Emma M. Roehrig* off Cape Charles, Virginia, and was not found.

The coastal tug *Valour* sank off Cape Fear, North Carolina, and three men died bringing oil to the U.S. Northeast. One man was saved by a Coast Guard helicopter and another five were taken off by the West Coast tug *Justine Foss*, which just happened to be 18 miles away when the *Valour* started sinking. The same tug retrieved the barge carrying 5.5 million gallons of petroleum product.

While docking the coal-carrying bulk carrier *Global Peace* at Brisbane, the tug *Tom Tough* (!) holed the ship's bunkers tank and some 25 tonnes of heavy oil caused a major spill with significant environmental impacts.

The cargo ship *Okal King Dor* lost its way in a sandstorm while transiting the Suez Canal and veered sharply into the canal bank, closing the canal for some time.

The tanker *Kim Jacob* ran aground off the Venezuelan coast. No oil spilled because the tanker was double-hulled.

Hawaiian harbor pilot Capt. David Lyman fell overboard while leaving the *Island Princess* and was fatally cut by the launch's propellers.

Columbia River bar pilot Kevin Murray fell while trying to jump aboard the pilot boat from a freighter he had just taken over the bar and he died.

Three Russian seafarers on the research vessel *Mazen* at Colombo were found dead after drinking some spirits and then complaining of dizziness.

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

The North Korean flagged but Turkish owned and manned freighter *Guclu* broke in half and sank off the Syrian port of Tartous while carrying 2,050 tons of marble. Five saved, one dead, one missing.

The Panamanian container ship *Twin Star* was leaving Lima, Peru, in thick fog when it collided with the Cypriot-flagged *Pintayl*. One man was missing and the *Twin Star* broke in half and sank.

The Bulgarian manned *Katya Z* became stuck in ice and the tug *Belarus* was sent to break it out.

The tanker *United Moonlight* rescued seven of eight crew members of the cargo ship *Kosta*, which sank 66nm north of Skikda, Algeria. Its cargo had shifted and the crew took to a lifeboat.

The car carrier *Courage* had an engine room fire in the English Channel and returned to Southampton.

The container ship *California Mercury*, inbound for Seattle, lost 43 containers overboard and eight were damaged.

Samoa has a new seaport, Salelologa, on the island of Savaii and the first container ship to visit this new international port ran aground about 100m from the wharf where dignitaries including the Prime Minister were waiting.

Grey Fleets

The commanding officer of the Royal Navy nuclear attack submarine *HMS Talent* was found innocent of bullying his officers although they complained he would spout long harangues inches from their faces. He said he was simply maintaining the high standards he had learned during the Falklands War.

In the Caribbean, the destroyer *HMS Southampton* rescued six from the sinking *Lady Sacha* off the Dominican coast. The same destroyer and the fleet auxiliary *Grey Rover* stopped the motor vessel *Rampage* and found more than three tons of cocaine. The street value was about \$617 million. That money, if available to the Royal Navy, would go a long way towards paying for the newly launched *HMS Daring*, the first of six new and very expensive (£6 billion) but deadly Type 45 destroyers.

The Senior Service was embarrassed when somebody left a restricted two-page document in a pub. The official explanation was that the document was "not classified but is sensitive."

And the U.K. Ministry of Defence would like to sell off part of its majority stake in the defence technology business, which has also been developing commercial applications.

India and maritime reconnaissance aircraft were much in the news this month. India surprised the U.S. when it said "no" to leasing two P-3C Orion aircraft, saying they were too expensive and refurbishment would take too long. But India really needs replacements for its eight Tupelov Tu142 Bear Foxtrots and so it asked for bids from U.S., French, U.K., and Russian makers. And Britain asked India not to sell some old, small Britten-Norman BN-2 Islander maritime reconnaissance aircraft to Myanmar (which is in the European Union's bad graces). If it did, the U.K. would not provide spare parts for British-made helicopters and the sale might impact plans to replace

British-made aircraft used on India's aircraft carrier *INS Viraat*.

India signed a \$1 billion contract with Russia for three new Krivak-class frigates. Russia plans to build 20 new frigates for itself in the next 15-20 years, adding at least five to each of its Black Sea, Baltic, Pacific, and North Atlantic fleets.

Iran is looking for some "big" warships to add to or replace its five frigates, some of which are over 30 years old.

Indonesia wants to buy up to 12 submarines before 2024. Its neighbors are nervous because subs aren't very good as anti-piracy or coastal patrol vessels. Australia, for example, has only six subs.

South Korea wants to double its nine-sub fleet over the next 15 years, using fuel cell-powered subs operationally equivalent to many nuclear-powered submarines.

Germany commissioned two subs powered by fuel cells, the first new subs for the German Navy since 1975.

Will China have aircraft carriers soon? Extensive work is being done to the ex-Soviet aircraft carrier *Varyag*, which was bought half-finished by a Macao firm for use as a gambling casino. The vessel is now painted Navy Gray and could become a training vessel or even become an operational carrier. China had double digit increases in defense spending in most of the last 15 years and that nation obviously wants a bluewater navy.

Many are not aware that the U.S. Navy still has two battleships in its reserve fleet, the *USS Iowa* and *USS Wisconsin*. Congress mandated in 1996 that they be kept but the Navy wants them scrapped. It says they would be excessively expensive to put back into service (about half a billion dollars) and to crew (1,100 each, minimum) and fire support for Marines ashore can be supplied by precision-guided munitions. The big ships also burn a type of fuel no longer used and thus would require a new and different supply chain. Besides, as one put it, "Who wants to rely on ships that will soon be old enough to collect Social Security?"

A fisherman in Queensland's Moreton Bay picked up floating bags that contained fast food wrappers, soft drink bottles, plastic cutlery, and a signed form showing they all came from the visiting carrier *USS Ronald Reagan*. Aussie media had fun while embarrassed Navy officials explained that bags of glass and scrap metal were legally dumped overboard while the other bags were thrown over by mistake.

The lieutenant commanding a Navy Seal team waiting to participate in a regional joint exercise in the Philippines passed his time by shooting stray animals that invaded his territory. Some animals may have belonged to local farmers. The U.S. Embassy was not pleased since he had been warned not to offend local residents.

White Fleets

Three passengers were hurt on the cruise ship *Oriana* en route to Southampton from New York when a 40' wave smashed in windows of six cabins during a Force 10 gale. Others of the 1,525 passengers aboard were treated for shock. And the norovirus stomach bug (number two to the common cold) also hit the ship during its 100-day round-the-world voyage.

High winds caused the cruise liner *Ecstasy*, being used to house emergency workers at New Orleans, to break loose from

its pier and it took a short, impromptu cruise across the Mississippi until corralled by its anchor and tugs. Considerable alarm among the sleeping but no injuries.

Growth in the cruise industry will flatten off this year. One industry association said its members' ships carried 11.2 million passengers last year (a growth rate of 6.9%) but will carry around 11.7 million in 2006, a growth of only 4.5%. Much capacity will be added this year so anticipate some bargains.

Alaskans will vote on an initiative that would tax cruise ships heavily: a \$46 head tax per passenger, a \$4 per berth tax to put observers on each cruise ship, a requirement that cruise lines pay an apportioned corporate income tax, a 33% levy on gambling proceeds after prizes and taxes, and finally an environmental permit and disclosure of revenues from off-ship excursions.

The now next-to-largest cruise ship, *Queen Mary 2*, slid out of Fort Lauderdale's Port Everglades to start a 38-day South American cruise. It was reported that the Commodore decided to skip a pilot and take the ship through the short but narrow channel to sea since it was his last cruise before retirement. Whether this report is true or not, it is a fact that the ship hit an underwater obstruction five miles out that damaged one of its four podded engines and propellers. The Coast Guard Captain of the Port ordered the ship to be towed back into port and later allowed it to depart. Three pods were used and the slower itinerary skipped ports in Barbados, St. Kitts, and Salvador in Brazil. Cunard offered 50% refunds to those who were unhappy but about 1,000 of the 2,500 passengers filed a class action suit so Cunard gave them full refunds.

The Newport News-built (in 1914) *Douglas* is not a cruise ship but it was once an ocean liner. Now the world's oldest active oceangoing passenger vessel is a floating book fair. It carries half a million books with close to 6,000 titles to ports around the world "bringing knowledge, help, and hope" and humanitarian relief to areas of need and tragedy. The *Douglas*, at last report, was docked in Abu Dhabi in the United Arab Emirates.

How many people does it take to sink a cruise ship? One, in the case of the Soviet cruise ship *Mikhail Lermontov* 20 years ago this month. A grossly overtired local pilot gave an incorrect steering order near Picton, New Zealand, and the liner gashed her bottom on a pinnacle rock. The *Lermontov's* master appeared from below and ordered the ship to be grounded and all 734 passengers and the crew except an engineer got off safely as the ship rolled over and sank in the dark and driving rain. It is now a favored diving spot.

In New Zealand, the 50,000-ton cruise ship *Artemis* was giving 1,200 passengers a close-up look at that lovely country. The Guardian of the Sounds spokesman was in his small boat and the big ship "frightened the hell out of" him and his passengers when it blew a horn to let him know it was on his starboard quarter. He demanded that navigation rules in Marlborough Sound be changed.

They That Go Back and Forth

The large Egyptian ferry *Al Salam Boccaccio 98* left the Saudi port of Suda for another routine but rough 120-mile voyage across the Red Sea to the Egyptian port of Safaga. But according to reports, fire broke out on a vehicle deck, the crew started fighting it, and passengers were asked to return to

their cabins. The ferry's master decided to press on rather than turn back some 20 miles to Suda. The master of the fleetmate ferry *Saint Catherine* was asked if it could turn around in the prevailing rough conditions and come to the rescue but he decided not to try. The firefighters kept on pouring water on a stubborn fire when suddenly there was an explosion and the ship rolled down, and over, and under. Some 10-12 hours later rescuers started picking up the 376 who survived. More than 1,000, including the ferry master, drowned. Some 220 vehicles were also lost.

The Philippine ferry *Asia Philippines* returned to Cebu after a fire broke out in its restaurant section. No injuries.

A small inter-island ferry sank in the Dole Strait in Nusa Tenggara Timur province at the very southernmost part of Indonesia and five died, eight were missing, and 23 survived.

Another overloaded-as-usual Indonesian ferry, the *Citra Mandata Bahari*, sank off Timor Island, carrying with it at least 20, but 121 survived due to lifejackets this ferry carried. Eight survivors floated for two days before being picked up.

Off Columbia's west coast, the 60' ferry *Norlin* sank while making a turn in rough water and five died, eight went missing.

Even in New York Harbor rescue forces were needed when the New York Waterway's *Peter Weiss* began to take on water during a Middletown to Manhattan commute in suddenly rough weather. All 149 passengers made it to work safely.

A large ice floe got under a Danube River ferry carrying 21 people and 12 cars and damaged its rudder and engine. The ferry drifted down the river for several hours until rescued by a motorboat.

Knife-fighting on the Canary Islands ferry *Volcan de Tauce* resulted in one dead crewman and another, who claimed self-defense, serving 30 months for his death.

In an ironic twist, the City of Rochester's high speed ferry cannot be sold to one potential customer, the City of New York, because the vessel was built in Australia and registered in Jamaica and thus does not qualify as a Jones Act vessel. But sometimes the federal government does grant waivers.

The International Maritime Organization (IMO) and the industry organization Interferry have agreed to work together on improving ferry safety in developing countries. Bangladesh, often the site of ferry disasters, will host three pilot programs that kick off the planned program.

Lawyers, Laws, and Such

A French prosecutor wanted a 600,000 euro (\$724,000) fine levied against the *Maersk Barcelona* for leaving a 61km slick behind it off Brittany while 13 environmental groups sought another 5,000,000 euros.

And the U.S. vowed increasing prosecution of those that leave oily trails.

The enviro-protection ship *Farley Mowat* displayed considerable disdain for the international rules of the road and other legal niceties while harassing Japanese whaling vessels in Antarctica but South African officials did not appreciate additional floutings of laws. They detained the *Mowat* when it arrived at Cape Town because the master, first mate, and chief engineer were not properly certified. Canada, which registers the Sea Shepherd Conservation Society's *Mowat*, had asked authorities to check the vessel and will investigate the *Mowat's* behavior in the Antarctic.

Metal-Bashing

Progress of the ex-French aircraft carrier *Clemenceau* toward the scrapping beach at Alang was slow and erratic. Greenpeace started a postcard campaign to stop the ship from leaving France, claiming it was a "toxic ship" full of asbestos, mercury, PCBs, lead... and thus was subject to the Basel Convention. The Egyptian environmental minister initially said the ship would be banned from Egyptian waters but later changed his mind and the carrier transited the Suez Canal in a special convoy. Next, the Indian Supreme Court waited three weeks before ordering its pollution watchdogs to check whether the vessel had too much asbestos, etc. Then French President Jacques Chirac ordered the ship brought back to France! He said the ship was still government property, not scrap, and therefore did not fall under the Basel Convention.

The magnificent ex-cruise ship *Norway* (ex-transatlantic liner *France*) may face a similar destiny. Anchored and rusting away off Port Mang in Malaysian waters and probably carrying 20 times as much asbestos, etc., as the *Clemenceau*, she was reported to have been sold to a scrapper but the sale was reversed.

Nature

An oil spill off Estonia that killed thousands of seabirds was initially blamed on a crack in the hull of the tanker *Flawless* but was probably caused by one of 15 other ships dumping oily wastewater overboard.

The 600' tanker *Seabulk Pride* was moored in Nikiski, Alaska, when an ice floe broke the ship's mooring lines and drove the ship aground about 200 yards away. A small amount of oil was spilled on deck as the tanker broke free and some got into the sea. Two tugs held the ship in place while ballast water was discharged and then three tugs easily pulled the tanker off. Minor bottom damage.

A Barbuda senator said sand dredging was ruining his country's natural appeal, partly due to a 2,000-ton barge abandoned by the sand-diggers on Barbuda's pristine pink sand beach at River Dock.

Territorial Imperatives

Russia vowed to regain control from the Ukraine of a disputed lighthouse on the Crimean peninsula and threatened to use its navy while Ukraine claimed that the Russian dredger *Urengoi* was working in disputed waters of the Sea of Azov.

Odd Bits

The Eurocarrier was supposed to be carrying 15 Pandur armored personnel carriers owned by Belgium that were destined for U.N. forces in the Congo. It made an unplanned stop at Malabo, Equatorial Guinea, in West Africa during which the armored cars, radio equipment, and field kitchens were quietly removed. The Belgian Army said responsibility for the incident lies with the U.N. and the shipper and it would like its equipment back.

Head-Shaker

It is the Taiwan Strait in April, 2005. The masters of two container ships are agreeing via VHF radio on passing arrangements to avoid a collision. But one ship then collides with another. It is not the ship the master had been talking with. Substantial damages, loss of cargo, but no injuries.



The Ugly Duck was built to provide a comfortable, easily built, low cost, cold weather cruising boat for one person. It's the design of the basic hull that makes the Ugly Duck so easy to build and I take no credit for coming up with the idea. The design came from Sand-Dab, a small, flat bottomed, square nosed rowing boat that was originally described by Thomas King in the February/March 1981 issue of *Small Boat Journal*.

Two things caught my attention about this design. First, it required only two sheets of plywood and two straight cuts to make the bottom and fore and aft decks for the boat, and second, the sides and stern are made from 2"x12"s. There were no chine logs or bevels to make. Simply place the 2"x12"s into a boat-shaped rectangle, screw them together, and then attach the bottom. It didn't look much more difficult than building a kids' sandbox. I'm no woodworker but I figured even I could do it.

The original Sand-Dab was an open rowboat but I figured that with a cabin she could make a good, inexpensive cruising boat. I was so taken with the idea that I had to give it a try. The result was Ugly Duck.

The boat is only the width of a piece of plywood but she can be made as long as desired, just buy longer 2"x12"s for the sides. I built my boat 12' long because I wanted to see just how small and inexpensively I could build a real cruising boat. It worked well but I think making her 2' to 4' longer would make her a better boat. She would have much more room and be able to carry a lot more cruising gear and fuel, although it would mean using more wood and greatly increasing the cost.

I wouldn't use anything less than 5/8" plywood for the bottom, and 3/4" might be better. There are no internal frames so there is nothing to reinforce the bottom. To keep costs down I bought all my wood at one of those big building supply stores. I wanted AC plywood, but they only had BC so it would have to do. Even though they said it was exterior plywood I was worried about cheap plywood coming apart in the water, and I must admit there was some minor delamination during the building process, but I repaired it with fiberglass and so far it has held up well. If I were going to keep the boat for a long time I'd go to a regular lumber yard and get good quality AC exterior plywood.

Before actually starting building, think through how to attach the cabin to the hull.

Building The Ugly Duck

By John Ulmer

My 12' boat had a 2' stern deck and a 2' fore-deck made from the leftover piece of plywood from the bottom. That leaves 8' of open space for the cabin. I planned to use 2"x2" cleats to attach the cabin to the decks and I wanted to put the cleats on the inside of the cabin to make it less likely to leak. The addition of the cleats would require the cabin to be 4" longer than the piece of plywood I planned to use for the sides, so in order to make everything fit I had to shorten the whole boat by 4".

After the thinking is done it's time to start cutting wood. The place to start is with the 2"x12"s that make the sides of the boat. The boat's square bow makes for a very stable, roomy, and easily built boat but the angle of the rise of the bow is critical. To move easily over the water, the rise can be no more than 2" per foot. Anything more will force the boat to push water ahead of itself instead of sliding easily over the surface. I started my rise 8' from the stern, or just 4" inches less than 4' from the bow (remember, I shortened the boat 4"). The rise was 8".

Next, cut the stern 2"x12" and a 2"x4" for the bow. Find a flat surface and lay all the cut wood upside down in the shape of a boat. Looks pretty good, doesn't it, but don't screw anything together yet. Starting at the stern, put a full sheet of plywood on the bottom. It should reach to where the rise for the bow starts. Next put the other sheet of plywood on the bow and see where it needs to be cut to make it fit. Make the cut and lay the cut plywood on the bow and admire the boat. Check the fit of the bow 2"x4" and the front piece of plywood. With the 4" inches cut off the bow it may require a little trimming.

It's still not time to screw things together, the wood needs to be prepared first. All the end grain and knotholes in both the solid lumber and the plywood must be sealed. Even the smallest knothole can cause a leak. There are lots of good sealers on the market. Pick the one that seems best and use a lot of it. Use so much that no more sealer can be absorbed. Remember to seal any wood that will be on the outside of the boat, either below or above the water as building proceeds.

Once the wood is sealed and dry it's time to put the hull together. To keep costs down, I put my boat together using regular construction adhesive (the stuff that comes in the caulking tubes) and galvanized deck screws. I figured the screws would hold the boat together and the construction adhesive would seal the joints and fill any gaps. The deck screws worked well. I used a screw about every 2". Spend the extra money for screws with the stronger heads and the square drive, they won't break as easily. I didn't and I wish I had.

The construction adhesive was not a good idea. I used oil based paint and it and the construction adhesive didn't like each other. The construction adhesive kept the paint from drying, making a gooey mess of all the joints. Using a good, adhesive caulk like 3M's 5200 might have worked better. Whatever the choice, use enough so that it oozes out all along the joint when it is screwed down. Any place that doesn't have caulk oozing out will leak.

I was careful when I screwed my hull together and I thought that I had done a good job, but after I launched I found a couple of very small leaks. They swelled shut in about 24 hours but they did cause a problem for a while. If I were going to do it again I think I would fiberglass the seams. It would cost more but it would ensure a dry boat.

There are gaps where the two bottom panels of plywood meet and where the bottom meets the bow. A good carpenter could have measured everything properly and cut the wood so that the gaps were eliminated, but I wasn't that good. For me it was quicker and easier just to cover these joints with fiberglass. I was unfamiliar with fiberglass, so I went to the library and got a book. I might mess up a few times but a good sander and more fiberglass can fix any mistake. Make sure to use fiberglass mat instead of cloth and use at least four layers inside and out. There's no reason to go to a marine supply store to get fiberglass supplies, they are available at any auto supply store at lower prices. A quart of resin will get things started, buy more as needed it.

Apply the resin with a paint brush. Don't try to clean the brushes, just buy the cheapest ones and throw them away when done. I used brushes that are about 3" wide, I find larger ones are harder to handle. By the way, don't paint resin on the fiberglass mat, use the brush to push the resin into the mat.

When fiberglassing bare wood, coat the wood first with catalyzed resin and let it set. That will keep the raw wood from sucking the resin out of the fiberglass and making a weak joint. It's easier to use short lengths of mat, maybe a foot long, and overlap them. A big piece is hard to handle and there is danger of the resin starting to harden too soon.

Wet out the first layer of mat on a piece of scrap wood before putting it on the boat. The reason for this is that something solid is needed to press against when wetting the mat, it can't be done over the gap in the bottom. Wet it out on the scrap board until it can be seen through it, then pick up the wet mat and place it over the gap (ugh, messy). Tack it down with more resin and let it set.

When it is solid, sand it lightly to prepare it for the next layer. Make sure to remove any fiberglass strands that are sticking up so nothing keeps the next layer from lying flat. Because the gap is now bridged, the next layers can be wet out on the boat.

Make sure the fiberglass goes about 6" up the sides of the boat, too.

I added a couple of 2"x2" runners to each side of the bottom of the hull. I thought that they would give the boat a little more directional stability but the boat sits low enough in the water that it doesn't need them. However, they do give the boat something to sit on while it's on the trailer. If they seem desirable, just screw them through the plywood bottom and into the 2"x2" sides, using plenty of caulk where the screws go through the hull.

When the bottom has been fiberglassed it's time to paint the hull inside and out. It's much easier to do now than after the cabin and decks have been attached. Leave bare any place where wood for the cabin or decks will be attached.

Any kind of cabin that will fit can be built. I built mine with a pilot house because I wanted to use her in cold weather. For warmer weather I would build the entire cabin a little higher and leave off the pilot house. In this case she would be conned from the open hatch and there would be a lot more room inside. I'd also put a hatch in the bow to let in some cool air.

I built my cabin with lauan plywood for the sides and 1/4" plywood for the top. It produced a strong and light cabin. I attached my cabin to the inside of the hull by screwing it directly to the inside of the 2"x12"s. By putting the cabin sides inside the boat a 2"x4" rub rail can be attached to the outside, even with the top of the 2"x12", ending up with a 4" wide toe rail to get to the front of the boat. Attach the cabin to the inside of the hull using plenty of caulk or water will get inside.

When building the cabin, always keep in mind how to avoid things that might let in rain. Never screw one piece of plywood into the end grain of another piece of plywood. I always backed any plywood joint with a 2"x2" and lots of caulk and screws. I've included some drawings on how I did it.

When planning the cabin, keep in mind that the boat only has about 6" of freeboard and it's quite possible for waves to come over the decks. This is no problem because it can't get inside the boat so long as you keep the hatch at least 8" higher than the deck. I used that 8" below the hatch to build a small, open topped, self draining locker to store fuel. It goes all the way across the boat and was designed to carry four 1gal cans of gas. These give me a cruising range of about 60 miles. By putting a small board on top of the locker, I created a seat that lets me sit half outside the boat when the weather is warm. A stadium seat, set in the hatch, makes for real comfort while cruising.

Thirty inches of space over the bunk is needed to provide room to lie on one's back, bend one's knees, and roll over. Because of my height I installed the bunk diagonally across the boat to gain more length. Shorter people may not need to do that and will gain valuable storage space.

If plastic windows are installed, drill oversized holes in the plastic. Wood expands more than plastic, and if this isn't done the windows will eventually crack. Also, don't use the thinnest plastic they have at the building supply stores as it cracks too easily. Spend the extra money and get the thicker stuff. My windows leaked and it was probably caused by the caulking I used. I've now been told that Silicone II is the only thing that will properly seal the plastic windows.

With the stern of the boat decked over there is no place to attach a motor. I fixed that by making a motor mount out of a short piece of 2"x8" and bolting it to the back of the boat. The top is 15" above the bottom of the boat, the standard height for a short shaft motor. The motor mount was simple, cheap, and strong but not at the best angle for the motor. However, at the speed I was going it didn't seem to make much difference.

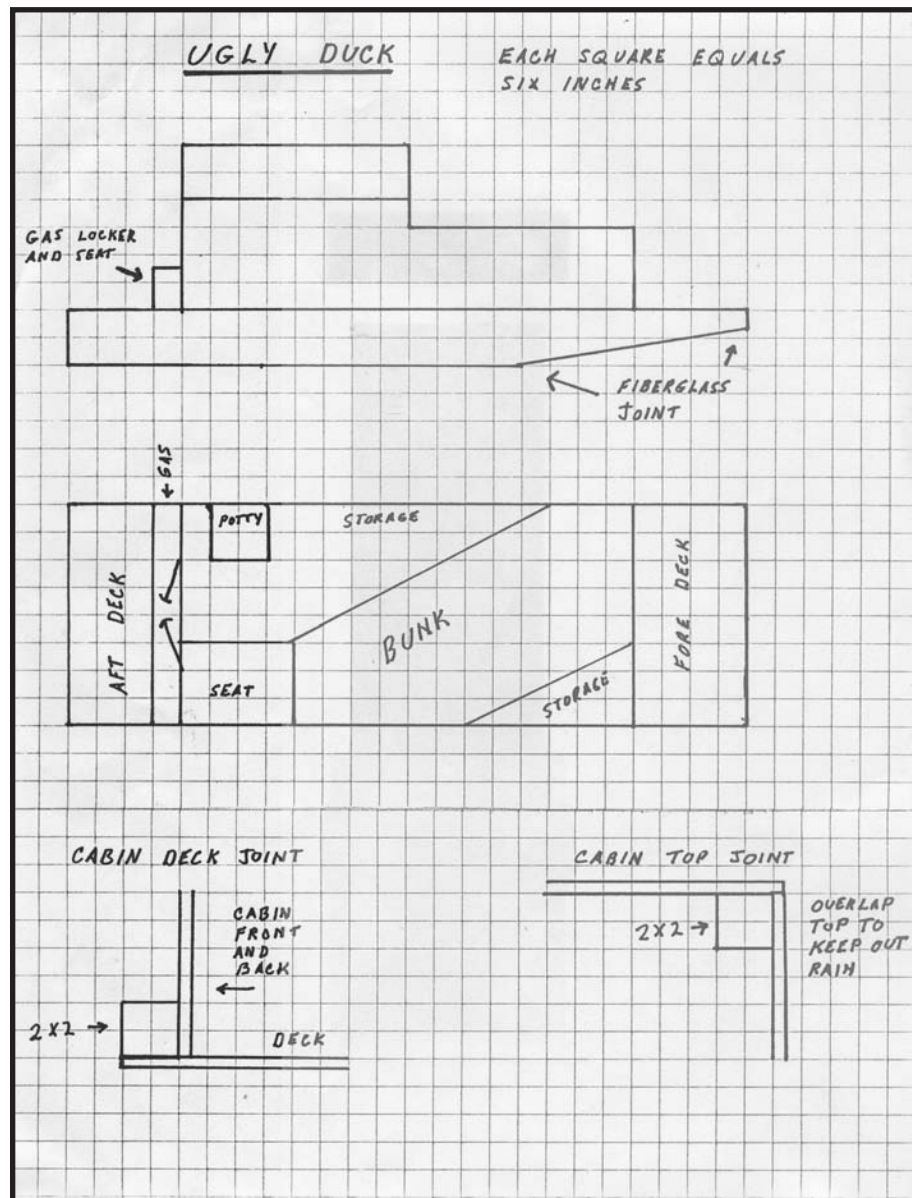
I placed the motor off center so the tiller was at a more natural position when I was sitting in the hatch. This also allowed me to have a second motor mounted on the other side. Since the Duck cannot be rowed or paddled, it's smart to have a second motor for a back-up. This is particularly important if

cruising the big rivers requiring staying out of the way of the towboats.

Ugly Duck can be finished plain or fancy. I left mine very rough but people seem to like her anyway. Feel free to build her any way that makes sense to you and improve her where you can. If she floats and keeps you out the rain, you did it right.

The Ugly Duck will go together faster, and get you on the water quicker, than any boat I can think of. The biggest slowdown in the whole process is waiting for the paint to dry. She could easily be built this week and be on her way to New Orleans next week.

(Next Issue: "The Maiden Voyage of the Ugly Duck")



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I have never met the man who inspired this boat, but emails are instant so it made for quick correspondence and agreement on what was to be done with the new design. He lives an hour or so drive from the shores of Chesapeake Bay on the U.S. East Coast, for me here in New Zealand that's about halfway up the righthand side of the map of the U.S., a harbour famed for its huge expanse of shallow water and the several giant river estuaries that feed into it. I have been there, though, and envy him the vast area of semi-sheltered waters including harbour, canals, rivers and lakes.

He wanted a rowing boat that would really sail, or a sailing boat that would row well enough to cover long distances under oars. The Maine Island Trail was a criteria that was used to outline the range of the boat, it's a string of islands that runs from a bit north of Boston clear up to Canada. I'd flown over this amazing archipelago some years ago and was hugely impressed with the potential for small boat cruising. *Wooden-Boat Magazine* and the sadly defunct *Small Boat Journal* had run articles on the establishment of Maine Island camping trail for small boat cruisers and I am a regular reader of *Messing About in Boats* so I had a fair idea of what would be required for a successful "Maine Island Cruiser."

There is a lot to research when designing a new boat. I got climatic, topographic, and hydrological information together to give me an idea as to what challenges the area would present to the boat, studied the maps and charts and read up on the historical small craft of the area so I could draw a craft that would look as though she had a historical connection with the area in which she lived. Almost as an afterthought I asked my client how tall and wide he was so I could fit the boat to him, just as well, as he is a big guy!

After a few exchanges of thoughts we called the design "Walkabout" as in "He's gone walkabout." It's an Australian term

Walkabout A Camping Cruiser For the Latter Day Explorer

John Welsford Small Craft Design
www.jwboatdesigns.co.nz

meaning "a journey, undertaken without notice or warning, of no fixed duration, with no particular destination in mind, and usually undertaken for reasons of spiritual well being." That's a really good description of an ideal small boat cruise!

She is a long slim dory shape with a narrow flat bottom and very rounded lapstrake sides to keep her waterline beam narrow enough for rowing, her stability high enough for sailing, and her seats far enough apart to lie down between them.

I drew side seats with 27" between them to clear my customer's big shoulders and the removable rowing seat leaves a clear space close to 10' long down the middle of the boat. There is plenty of room for an airbed and sleeping bag under the fitted tent with its modern fibreglass tent poles and enough headroom under that tent to row the boat with the tent side flaps rolled up.

I've given the boat long end decks with airtight spaces built in underneath, these along with the closed-in volume under the side seats is enough to both carry a large volume of stores stowed away through the watertight hatches and to still support the boat should the unthinkable happen and the boat be swamped.

A low two-masted rig was chosen to keep the length of the spars short, the centre of effort low, and the masts out of the accommodation area. The cat yawl rig is a favourite of mine, powerful for its sail area, self-tacking, and very quick to rig. I have placed the masts well inboard to enable the skipper to reef or hand the sails if caught out at sea, and the whole rig stows inside the boat for trailering.

A mizzen placed where this one is has caused lots of designers problems in organizing the steering, but with this long slim boat the best seating position is just aft of amidships, so by pivoting the tiller on the mizzen step and running lines back to a detachable yoke on the rudder stock, I have a system that is both accessible and nice to use. Note that the tiller stands up alongside the mizzen when not needed.

The first Walkabouts are in the water now and the design has proven to be a powerful and fast boat, her length giving her speed under sail as well as making rowing easy. She sails nicely in even a whisper of wind and rows well even when loaded up with family or camping gear. There is a lot of room in Walkabout, the original client is a big man and the sleeping space, seating, and rowing spaces are designed for his height and length of leg.

As a daysailer for a family where Dad has ambitions to get away for a couple of weeks exploring a year this is ideal. She's big enough to carry all of a growing family and light enough to manhandle on his own, seaworthy well beyond the capabilities of most open boats, and comfortable enough for overnight camping aboard.

Designer's Website
www.jwboatdesigns.co.nz
Designer's email
jwboatdesigns@xtra.co.nz

Walkabout

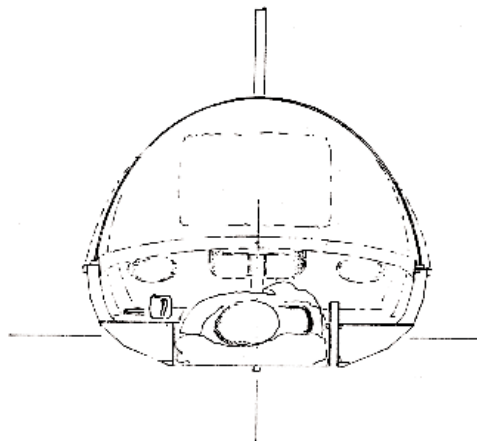
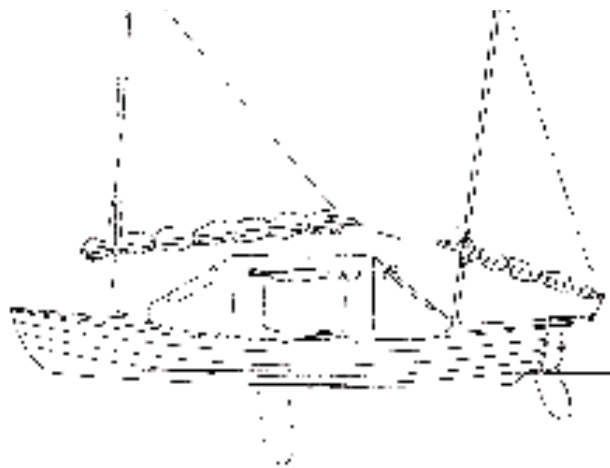
Camp Cruising Rowing & Sailing Dory.
LOA: 16'5"
Beam: 5'
Sail Area Sloop: 88sf
Weight (est): 242lbs

Plans for Walkabout are US\$165
available from Chuck Leinweber
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Harper TX 78631 U.S.
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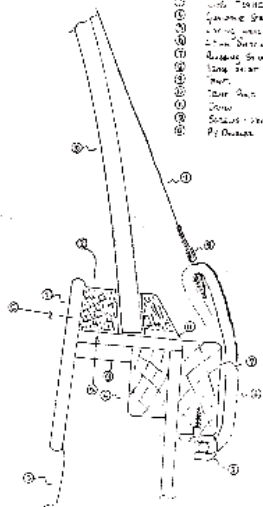
All rigged and ready to go, graceful, easily set up and easily handled. This boat will take only a few minutes to rig and yet retains the seaworthiness of a close winded, low and powerful rig that leaves the mid-section of the boat clear for its crew to enjoy.



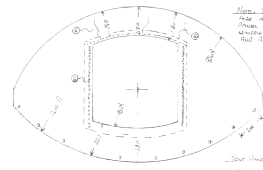
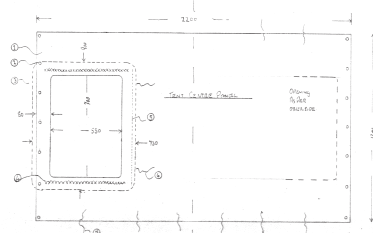
With the frames set up and two stringers to go the shape of the boat is well defined and the layout inside well on the way to complete. Designed for the home boatbuilder, there is nothing here that is likely to make life hard for an inexperienced builder.



- (1) Lesson 46
- (2) Your first subject has 50 to 60 min
- (3) Learning to know how to give their piece
- (4) with 10 min (1 min 10 sec)
- (5) Learning to give
- (6) Learning with 10 min and 10 sec counts
- (7) Learning to give 10 min
- (8) Learning to give 10 min
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- (19) Learning to give 10 min
- (20) Learning to give 10 min



- ① Tent: White Punctured White Paper Material
- ② Spikes for Shocker Retaining Wires
- ③ Roll of Coarse Wire
- ④ Vehicle Tether Cover to Tent Straps
- ⑤ Ties to Hold Round Cover
- ⑥ Ties used to Secure Tent Hoops



Note: Two Panel Panels are both
Figs and are let the following
Panel may have steamplant
under cables from the street
and also up road

...Tate Rivers. ~~Completed~~ 1997

FRANCIS AND PAUL COLEMAN
Aunt Jess

It has been nearly 11 years since my son and I finished up our first boatbuilding project, a Bolger Cartopper, and headed off to Eagle Creek Reservoir on the west side of Indianapolis to try our hands at the sport of sailing. Money was tight and most of our \$206 budget had been spent on hull materials, hardware store fittings, PFDs, and a set of oars. Consequently, our sail was a cheap green hardware store tarp that we cut, taped, and grommeted into a triangle that roughly resembled the \$235 leg o' mutton Dacron sail that was suggested in the plans we had found in a wood working magazine.

We were quite proud of our little dinghy. We had used the skills we had developed in building soapbox derby cars in finishing the gleaming white hull. Specialty tapes had also played a part in streamlining the sleek gravity-powered cars that my son had now physically outgrown, and now some leftover tape and a few reinforcing grommets held the edges of our tarp sail together for our first attempt at sailing.

At first we were both concerned that our homemade sail wouldn't hold up to the stresses of a day on the water. However, that concern quickly gave way to more immediate anxieties when the initial launch resulted in our being blown directly into a thicket of thorny bushes lining the shore not more than 50' from the launch site. As a result, the captain and crew suffered a few minor scratches, but the sail and the boat escaped unscathed. After disentangling crew, sail, and boat from the shrubbery and waving to assure some interested spectators that we were both okay, we furled the sail and rowed well out from the shore for our second attempt at sailing. This time I had the foresight to drop the centerboard before attempting to sail away. Finally asserting control over the helm, we had a glorious day of sailing with many more to come.



Our first PolySail powered boat, just prior to launch and a close brush with disaster.

Within a year of our first excursion to Eagle Creek Reservoir, I had begun packaging up tarp, tape, reinforcing rope, and grommet kits into my first polytarp sail kits and offering these early kits to fellow boat builders on the Internet. By then I had located a source for a white polytarp that had more of a sail-like appearance and offered UV protection. Another bonus feature of the 6oz white tarp was that its inner layer was woven more tightly than most 3oz hardware tarps, providing greater strength and less stretch. I constructed a number of sails from the material in an effort to clarify the direc-

Polysail Milestones Reflections On a Parttime Business

By Dave Gray

tions I included in the kits and on my new website. It soon became evident that several additional items needed to be included in the kits in order to simplify the sail construction process. Finally, I needed a suitable name for the finished product and settled on PolySail for our trade name.

After a year or so of low-key marketing in *Messing About in Boats*, on my PolySail website, and at a few nearby messabouts, the combination of a sturdy sail-like material, simple directions, and inexpensive kit price started to create some interest. *WoodenBoat* and *Soundings* both contacted me for articles but I didn't respond to either invitation because I didn't feel that my PolySails had undergone enough testing or that I had enough sailmaking expertise to speak or write with any authority.

To help overcome that deficit, I devised a number of simple tests and experiments to test the strength of the material and the adhesion of the tapes used in construction. I also surveyed a number of my first customers to find out what they thought about the kits and the materials they contained. The results encouraged me. The tests showed the material to be much tougher than expected and close to 100% of the customers I sampled praised the material and the kits. One customer sent a picture of his sail after having been hit by a tornado. His PolySail main sail (a gray color that I carried for awhile) had suffered some damage but he had repaired the sail with tape and continued to use it. Eventually testing and customer feedback convinced me that PolySails were a reliable substitute for more expensive sails and kits, and I began writing a few articles that Bob Hicks always found room for in *Messing About in Boats*.



Customer photo of his tornadodamaged sail.

As customers continued to provide me with feedback, and as information from fellow boatbuilders began to flow from the Internet and *Messing About in Boats*, I began to refine kit directions and contents. Because some customers found that the tapes tended to lift from the sail edges after a season or so

of use, I began encouraging customers to run a stitch around the sail perimeter whenever the tapes lifted. Next, I developed a graph paper modeling technique to help customers locate what I termed V-J Darts, or folds in the material, to help shape certain kinds of sails. To avoid having dimensional markings show on the finished sail, I substituted erasable markers for permanent ones. Later I included cable ties in the kits as a means to attach the sail to the mast to help our customers get on the water faster. Since early 2005 I've been packing an old issue of *Messing About in Boats* in nearly every kit I sell, hoping the customer will be encouraged to subscribe to my favorite magazine and become more involved in the messabout community.

PolySail International, as this little company is now known, achieved a couple of milestones in 2005. With the delivery of a kit to Hawaii last year, I had shipped PolySail Kits to all 50 states in the U.S. as well as to a number of foreign countries. By the end of 2005, over 500 kits had been shipped. Almost every kind of standard sail has been constructed from these kits as well as a number of experimental sails.



In 2006 some other milestones lie ahead so far as I am personally concerned. One is that my son, my former sailing partner, will mark his ninth and final year in the U.S. Navy, ending his service career with extremely bright prospects for a civilian job in nuclear energy and, hopefully, a little more time to sail with his old man. A second milestone is that I plan to retire to part-time work and nurture my three-year-old grandson's interest in water sports. He will probably be introduced to sailing this summer when he turns four if his mother, my daughter, can get past her fear of the water.

Over the years, I have endeavored to keep PolySail International a small and manageable part-time business so as not to interfere with my "real" jobs. At the same time, I have always tried to provide excellent customer service and timely assistance when customers asked questions. Sometimes, when orders or questions would come in while I was traveling, I'd have to delay responses and/or shipments, but my surveyed customers have always indicated that they have been satisfied with the service they received.

Surveys also suggest that many of my customers are novice sailors who are getting their first introduction to sailing, as I did, in a homemade boat sporting a polytarp sail. It feels good to have had a role in making sailing more accessible to those whose budgets are as tight as mine.

With retirement now at hand, I need to do some serious thinking about PolySail

International. It's a low-profit business at best, and with shipping costs rising and interest in sailing appearing to wane, I think it's time to either ramp up the business or close it down. One option includes teaming up with a couple of designers and offering finished sails for their boats. Another idea is to try to introduce boatbuilding and sail making into the mainstream curriculum of some schools.

One private school customer in Massachusetts has four years of experience having its students build small prams powered by PolySails. Recently an educator in Michigan emailed me to ask about boat plans, lesson plans, and budgets that he could write into a local foundation grant so that his alternative school students could build their own sailboats. It seems to me that there are any number of kids who would learn essential math skills, such as measuring, estimating, and working with fractions, from hands-on experiences instead of textbooks, but the focus on academics and testing under the No Child Left Behind Act has left educators with little choice but to focus on academic instruction that has an acceptable scientific research base.

With time on my hands and a fairly significant mailing list, there might be a number of options I haven't considered. I welcome your input and suggestions. Email your ideas to: polysail@aol.com or drop a note to *Messing About in Boats*. I plan to be reading my favorite magazine for many years to come.



Ray Hodsdon's beautiful little Shellback Dinghy clips along powered by a PolySail lug. Another photo of his boat under sail is the lead photo on our PolySail Home Page.



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There certainly are a lot of different kinds of fuel filter set-ups in the maritime world and it is a good thing to figure them out before you set out to trust internal combustion to pull you through. I will tell you only one real fuel filter horror story. I had a buddy who rigged up an old surplus 26' Navy motor whaleboat like it was a Cape Horner. He had it decked over so it was self-draining despite the fact that, in the original configuration with seats all around and bilges open to the elements, it was unsinkable because not only did it have a big, self-priming centrifugal pump driven off the main engine (and 50hp will bail a lot of water in a hurry), the whole topsides of the hull were injected with foam about a foot thick.

You couldn't sink one of them if you ran over it with a destroyer, which I am told happened quite frequently. I personally know of one that was run over by an aircraft carrier and escaped not all that much worse for wear. The bronze steering wheel looked kind of funny when the boat popped back up to the surface, but everybody had gotten out before the ship hit so nobody died and the boat was floating about on its lines. Anyway, this man is the type to go overboard with everything... you ought to have seen the wife he had briefly around the time of this incident... picked her directly off a chrome plated pole I am told.

So he rigged this boat to do a little deep water work and took off around the Keys to the Bahamas and then planned to go at least as far as the Azores on the initial shakedown cruise before the Horn. He picked January because he wanted to get away from the hard winter of north Florida, and about the time he hit the Gulf Stream it started breezing up and the old whaleboat started rolling like they...

I would like to stop right here and ask a question. I know there are a lot of people who have had experience with that worthy vessel since the Navy has been using them from back before no telling when and there must be thousands of old vets reading this magazine. What I want to know is has anybody ever found anything that will outroll a damned whaleboat? I think the Guinness Book would be interested in some data on that.

Anyway, in this whaleboat the rolling in the SW storm that preceded a five-day norther stirred up some bacterial sediment... you know I better explain that. The oil companies hoarded up diesel fuel in old water-logged barges back during the Arab oil embargo of the '70s facilitated the mutation of a bacteria so it learned how to eat fuel and stop up filters and shut down an engine. The only way to keep this crud from growing in the tank is to keep every hint of water out.

The engine the bacteria shut down in my friend's whaleboat was a little Perkins 4/107. First they were called 4/99 then 4/107 and now 4/108 and some people call them a "Westerbeke" but they are all British-made Perkins -cylinder direct injection engines rated about 50hp. Which, you know there are two kinds of horsepower, talking horsepower and working horsepower and if you were to extract 50hp out of a 4/108 for two or three days it would begin to clatter much worse than is normal which is pretty bad... I thought you would want to know that.

Whaleboat engines are made for the duty with two good-sized filters, but when the fuel is so black from suspended crud that you can't see the bottom of a sardine can full, it doesn't take long before the engine starts los-

Fuel Filters

By Robb White

ing power and cuts off on you and that's what happened to my buddy right out in the middle of the Florida Straits in 30-40 knots of wind with much higher gusts. He knew a little bit about what he was doing and managed to bleed and backflush his way onto Cay Sal Bank (Double Headed Shot Keys... find that and, when you do, steer well clear) which was the best he could do under the conditions.

That is no place to ride out a norther at anchor but he had no choice. He was living on the bottom edge of miserable until the norther let off a little so the fuel could settle out enough for the engine to run for more than 15 minutes to a filter flushing. Not only was the anchorage so rough he couldn't relax his rectal sphincter or he would slide off the seat of the whaleboat, his filter ministrations had put stinking diesel fuel all over the boat and into the bilges and he told me he was quite nauseated the whole time he was waiting. It was a pitiful situation. If he had done like I would have done and steamed out the two 30gal monel tanks (beautiful things) he could have been in Cuba looking for the "Buena Vista Social Club" (which movie I advise watching if you haven't already).

The best diesel fuel filter for highly contaminated fuel is one of those centrifugal jobs they have on big seagoing tugs. That's a good filter but they are very big and cost just about the same thing the government pays for a whaleboat before they surplus it out for \$200 so someone with some sense can run it for 20 more years.

All that is beyond the interest level of people like us messers but I thought I would throw it in just to make you feel better when the old 3 horse Lightwin cuts off on you in the middle of Lake Placid. Which, old motors like that didn't even have a fuel filter. There was a wire strainer in the pick-up hole in the bottom of the tank and that was it. Some engineer figured out what the mesh size ought to be to only pass trash that would go through the carburetor jets and it usually worked. If some piece of gas gum (the worst contaminant in gasoline and best kept out of the carburetor at all costs... that stuff called "Stabil" works for me) was to soak loose way past the screen and lodge in the high speed jet, all you had to do was close the jet knob and mash it into a manageable size against the seat with the needle and open the jet wide open and let it through and you could go on about your business.

The invention of ignorance and the non-adjustable high speed jet has put the quietus on many an outboard powered jaunt and brought many a hotshot Studley down to the level to which he belonged since he didn't have sense enough to stay on the land in an environment for which he was prepared instead of hauling the current cutie off the chrome pole and way out in the water in the "runabout" to try to show what the word "hotshot" actually meant.

Anyway, after you get the trash passed through the jet in one of those old style motors, the way to clean the strainer is to snatch the engine back and forth violently enough to slosh the gas in the tank so it'll rinse the screen.

On an engine with a high speed jet that can't be cleaned without taking the carbure-

tor apart, it is a good idea to have a real filter in the line. At first, back when the Amurricans just about had the kahoots on the outboard motor business, the dealers thought the non-adjustable high speed jet was the best thing to come around in a long time. The filter was just a big mesh wire screen built into the fuel pump on the side of the engine. Cleaning the jet was called a "carburetor rebuild." Then the Japanese slipped in on Mercury and OMC kind of like Mr. Honda, Yamaha San, Kawasaki San, and Suzuki San did to Harley and the Brits and put a real filter in the gas line.

Not only that, but the carburetors were easy to take off the engine and clean and there was a plug that a knowledgeable person could take out of the float bowl and gain access to the jet so he could poke the trash out with toothpick. One time one of my students, from when I taught eighth grade science, invited herself to come over to Dog's Island just to see what was what with all that big talk I had put out. I still know that person. She is a very capable woman (runs her own liquor store) and was a very capable girl, too, (champion fast pitch softball player) but when we got about halfway to the island the little Nissan 8hp I was running on old Take Apart started skipping. It would idle fine but when you gave it the gas it would spit like a cat and cut off... the unmistakable symptom of starving for gas.

Another hotshot would begin to turn red in the face and prepare to start whining and maybe dialing 911 on the cell phone but, after I finally realized it was time to do something if we were going to get to the island in time for me to eat the lunch Jane had ready before I started to whine, I shut down and snatched the hood off the engine, pulled the fuel filter out of the rubber hose, put the output nipple in my mouth, and blew violently over the side making a 5' wide "discoloration or sheen upon the surface of the waters of the contiguous zone" in direct violation of the pollution control act of the United States of America.

That girl turned around and glared at me and said, "I thought you taught us that people weren't supposed to do that." They ain't and I don't usually but sometimes one has to use a little actual logic and realize that the new creosoted pilings and the greasy pavement of the parking lot of the new Coast Guard station put a hell of a lot more petroleum in the bay than half a teaspoon of gasoline blown out of a fuel filter.

As a matter of fact, I believe I ought to clarify my environmental stance right now. I think we are doing a lot of damage and, as a long-time keen observer of this coast around here, I can see a world of difference in just the last ten years. I think we need some real enforcement of existing laws and some new laws, too, and logic needs to be applied to both those things. Straining at gnats and swallowing camels ain't getting the job done.

The Germans had the best looking fuel filter I ever saw on the old Mercedes 636 marine engine (which was the only competition for a 4/108 Perkins until Yanmar, Kubota, and Isuzu). It was not a throwaway style thing but could be easily and effectively cleaned without contaminating anything. It was a stack of thin steel washers held together by a hollow bolt with some perforations in it. Each washer had been etched so that there were stripes radiating out from the center hole which made the washer a tiny bit thinner in that place. When the washers were

stacked on the bolt and the acorn style wing nut was screwed on the end, the only way fuel could get into the hollow of the bolt and hence the injector pump was to go through the precisely etched channels between the washers. There was no chance that a random hole in some paper element would let an injector stoppage through but the best thing was how easy it was to clean.

All you had to do was drain the housing (not in the bilge, dammit... I don't allow fuel or engine oil in my bilge EVER), unscrew the nut, and let the washers fall off in the can you caught the fuel in. Then you could rinse them in clean fuel, wash the housing, put the thing back together, and go some more. On my whaleboat (which came without an engine and I happened to have, and still do have, a little Mercedes) I used to run a wire through the holes in the washers and joggle them up and down in the fuel tank to clean them. I could clean the primary filter before boat lost steerageway.

You know if it had been me down around the Double Headed Shot Keys I would have ridden out that whaleboat norther at the Buena Vista Social Club listening to the beautiful ichiban eggplant music and smoking on a Puro as big as an Ichiban eggplant.

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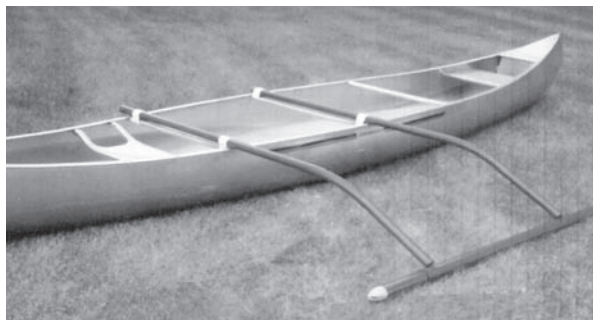
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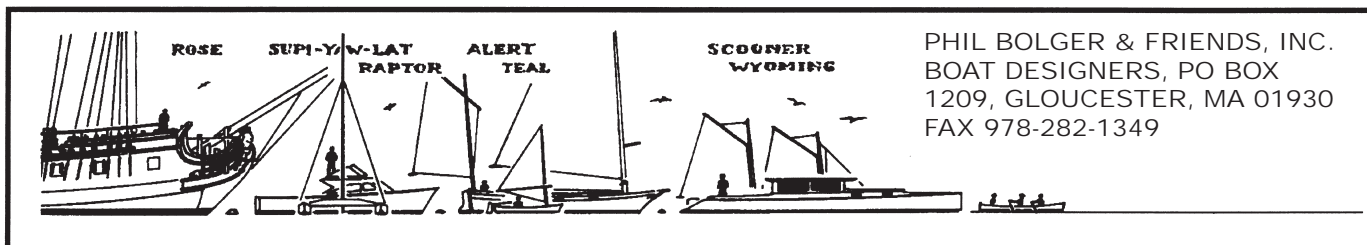
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As promised in the last issue, here is the other half of our discussion of the Bolger Proa-60 proposal.

Managing the Rig

So, how do we control the sail(s)? Here are some basics of rigging and sailing this latest version of the Christmas Tree Rig. Similar principles do apply across the range of multi and monohulls with only a small number of details enhanced or unique for a given hull type. The following applies to a single mast/single sail geometry, with this Proa-60 simply featuring just two of each, working independently from each other but, of course, enhancing each other on this hull geometry.

The sail travels vertically on the topping lift. The standing end of the topping lift is fast at the midpoint of the boom, thence to a block on the mast head, down to a deck block on the lee side of the mast, and to a winch at the helm.

On the underside of the boom a traveler track-cum-car allows the boom and the attached sail and topping lift to be controlled during shunting by a fixed haul point parallel to and outboard of the mast.

The head of the sail and the midpoint of each batten travel on blocks on the topping lift. The batten blocks are each fastened to its batten with two short lines to distribute the stress on the batten.

There is no attachment of the sail to the mast, which is clear from deck to masthead.

There is a second masthead block for the halyard.

The reef lines to pull the battens down to the boom and hold them there run with blocks on spans on the battens. They run to deck blocks abreast of the mast on the lee side, thence lead to the helm.

The boom downhaul standing end runs on a track on the underside of the boom. The fall is to a deck block abreast of the mast on the lee side, thence in to the helm.

In reefing and lowering the sail travels on the topping lift, shifting horizontally on the lift in shunting. The sail comes down symmetrically to the boom as shown, exchanging luff for leech by the travel on the boom downhaul track and the batten spans. Adjusting the sheets and wind pressure carry out the shift, but positive control along the boom track may be desirable in some circumstances. Lines for this purpose are fast to the boom near its midpoint and run to deck turning blocks equidistant from the mast toward each end of the deck.

The boom and battens are self-vanging by the upward pull of the edge of the sail acting as luff on each shunt. In case, with the last panel of two toward the head of the sail, self-vanging is not possible anymore, the inevitable rising of the leech end of the boom under sail pressure acts as "give" in extreme conditions where sail efficiency is irrelevant, and reaching and running are in order in that situation.

The sheets are conventional, leading vertically from near the ends of the boom to

Bolger on Design

Bolger Proa-60 - II Concept Study Part 2

60' x 25'6" x 1'6" x 1,600/2,400sf

turning blocks on deck, thence to winches at the helm. The sheet at the luff end of the boom is slack on each shunt.

Two-Masted Bolger Proa-60

Since she carries two masts and two sails, inherent structural opportunities emerged early on.

We took the opportunity to support each by a masthead brace to the other. It is a square box strut with jaws on either end and is hoisted on each end by one halyard to the mast with an inward pull during the last few inches, essentially pulling the mastheads together a few inches and locking that strut in its uppermost possible location. To facilitate smooth vertical movement of the masthead strut, each end features two rubber rollers running against the mast surfaces facing each other. The end's jaws each extend past the masts where they are controlled during vertical movement by slackish parrels.

All this vertical movement with jaws and parrels implies a smooth mast surface from deck to masthead, uninterrupted by any attachments.

It also implies that all mast taper is on the three outside surfaces of the two masts but not on those surfaces facing each other.

With that distance between the masts de facto rigid to support the masts to the windward hull against the pull from the sails off their lee, one shroud per mast should suffice, running to a common hardpoint to form a Vee. They thus support both masts via the strut against fore-and-aft movement of both sticks.

As stated earlier, this rig exhibits a minimal amount of running and standing hardware for its overall utility. It should stand, based on two semi-freestanding masts, connected to each other in fore-and-aft axis by the mastheads strut and braced against sail-induced leeward pull and fore-and-aft stresses by one shroud off each masthead, running to a halfway point on the windward hull to form a Vee geometry.

And already touched upon as well:

The halyard for the third sail running up to a block on the mastsbrace halfway between the masts, supported against lightweight sail stresses from below by the vertical Vee spreader and two short diagonal shrouds.

That halyard is typically tied in slack fashion off either boom's inward end, suggesting running one spare halyard.

The third sail's boom downhaul hardpoint on deck is equidistant from and in line with those of the two working sails.

The two-masted Christmas Tree Rig in this proa geometry offers more than adequate sail area to drive this liveaboard cruiser. Due to the moderate mast height and each location on the leeward hull, it was possible to mount both masts in tabernacles with the pivot axis diagonal enough to allow dropping each masthead on the windward hull's opposite bow. Thus the highly prized on deck masthead work attribute is within easy reach for this globetrotting multihull. Checking masthead lights, antenna function, masthead rigging hardware is thus not a matter of perilous bosun's chair acrobatics, but a matter of reasonably smooth seas and the following methodical sequence.

With the sails furled, lower the mast-shead strut, unlock the mastheel lock, and payout via the dedicated mastheel winch the mast heel until the masts are horizontal. Beyond maintenance utility, tabernacled masts also allows running under bridges to explore inland territory that may well be sailable once you get under that bridge. They also allow using the lock system in many nations, such as those accessing much of Europe's riverine system, with Proa-60's beam matching that of, for instance, the standard 2000 tons EURO freighters. And, of course, lowering the masts at will would allow preparing to ride out, either on the hook inshore or to drogues offshore, severe storms, with likely the engine in forward fast idle and the centerboards and rudders up to allow her to roll with the punches but without her rig's aerodynamic drag when least affordable to have it.

That should just about cover discussing the Rig.

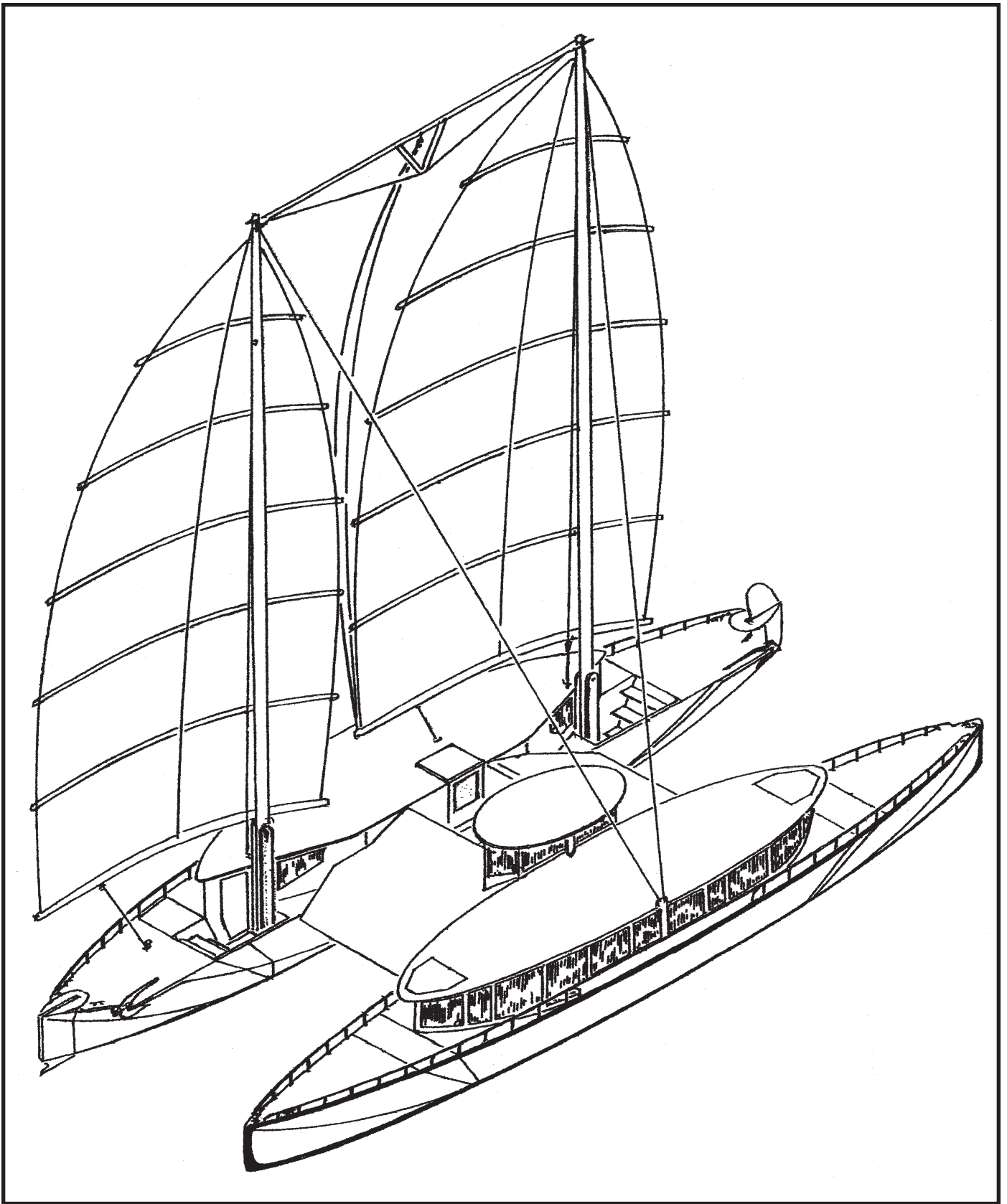
Her Hull Shapes and Structures

Bolger Proa-60 had to be buildable fast; i.e., in plywood composite construction while her speed potential required fine-lined hulls. Here we combine flat bottom amidships for cruising correct load carrying capacity and a very stout bottom structure, with significant flare to build up reserve buoyancy fast, particularly on her leeward hull when she heels, while we added to her waterline and extended her overall displacement well into her ends by adding square cutwaters with good rocker, and a built-up hollow wear shoe that eliminates any slapping under her bows running or at rest.

In her cabins, relatively simple plywood shapes allow extensive foam insulation for liveaboard conditions across a broad range of climates, her diesel engine implies use of diesel heaters for various winter scenarios.

Without the need for ballast and with extensive use of foam she will have adequate positive buoyancy.

Overall waterline beam of between 5' and 5'6" on 55' static waterline on shallow draft, carrying moderate weight on well spread out displacement on both hulls should produce appropriate waterflow around her despite her humble hull material.



Problems on such a sprawling structure are most immediately structural. With 18" of hull-draft shallow and tidal waters will be irresistible and are indeed amongst the most intriguing of cruising grounds. But they are also risky if next to mostly soft mud or smooth sand, spikey rocks threaten ugly encounters with her hulls, or if she settles down on more or less smooth bottom for an ebb cycle or two, except that very few dry out berths are level. In respect to the latter threat on this proa, the green leeward hull end could be sitting higher than its red counterpart while on the windward hull matters may well be reversed, producing tremendous twisting action across her bridge structure.

To dramatically reduce those stresses, we decided to hinge the bow ends across their bottoms to allow approximately 15 degrees worth of movement should she settle at disagreeable angles. We would consider off-the-shelf manual hydraulic actuator to lock in the normal attitude under sail, power, and on deep enough water anchorages, always backed up by solid struts to take the stresses typically distributed across chine logs, clamps, hull skins, etc., removed only in the shallows. As she comes down with the tide in shallow waters, one or more bows could be adjusted

to relieve these growing stresses. For "belts and suspenders," or inattention across multiple tidal cycles, all four bows could be pulled up. Their actual displacement is not enough to amount to a serious loss to swamp the doors of the two main hulls now carrying all the weight or reduce her under-the-bridge clearance significantly. We do not show any detailing on these actuators but there are a number of ways to structurally distribute respective stresses.

The triangular doors covering the gap between the main hulls and the hull ends are hinged on the inboard ends and tapered along their outward edge to a feather edge smoothly overlapping a mating surface on each hull end. In normal position each set of twin doors is pulled together tight against that surface to lie flush whenever she is moving. Their hard contraction is released when the bows are allowed to pivot up, with the doors giving enough through bungee type elastic tension to open as far as necessary for the bow's upward movement. There are a number of ways to detail this attribute.

These vertically moving bows allow us to simplify her bridge structure down to six aluminum pipes (or square beams, for that matter). They are supported with wire cross bracing under the bridge sole and between the upper pipes and the forward pipes with these three braces locking the hulls against parallelogramming. Between the lower and upper pipes vertical wire cross bracing controls wracking tendencies. Transparent or opaque panels on the bridge slopes can be mounted floating and her floorboards attached to just one of the pipebeams in order to still allow some twisting movement at rest and at sea. This combination of active give in all four hull ends and passive give across her bridge structure should cover our concerns better than trying to oversize on all structural members which would still be brittle in comparison to built-in give. On-land and on-the-water/mud testing would be called for before setting out on the great voyage.

Held in place in massive laminated and bolted fists-cum-drift-bolts on massive bulkheads in each hull, the pipes are well below the standard 20' pipe length for zero welding construction convenience. Since these two-part compression fists can be opened, this proa can thus rather readily be pulled apart for more compact storage, or overland transportation across a continent riding along at no more than 8'6" legal beam.

Her Ergonomics

With two identical length hulls running alongside each other as in this proa and in catamarans, multiple layout opportunities arise. We've pursued one mix of them to arrange crew quarters in both hulls, multiple others are possible, of course. For the most part the layout is self-explanatory and a few remarks shall suffice.

We located the master cabin in the leeward hull for maximum privacy, offering full double berth, two desks, a good-sized head-cum-shower volume, plus ample storage room in the cabin and under the sole, all with full standing headroom where needed. Large polycarbonate window areas make this cabin volume about as airy as possible. From the desks or the berth instant views around abound. Apart from blinds and curtains, opaque panels, reasonably integrated into her overall paint/texture scheme can offer more coziness to those who need it.

Access to the decks is via a door near each tabernacle structure, stepping out onto a small landing and then onto steps up to deck level. Under these decks is massive storage volume to put mopeds, bicycles, all the fenders a sprawling craft such as a 60' proa would need, etc. With full height railings these two decks would serve well for outside lounging either in the breeze ahead or in the lee behind the house structure. Due to the sails' boom working right overhead of that cabin, only one hatch is shown, with access provided via said doors and the bridge hatch.

The primary bridge structure consists of six aluminum pipes. It is not very wide but some 24' long to allow adequate wire cross bracing against parallelogramming in plan view and vertical plane. The flat passage across could also be called her helm and measures 6' long, 9'4" wide, and 44" high from sole to top of upper cross beams. With this proa's limited heeling potential, loose folding furniture could be used here. Her sloping bridge ends could all be covered by polycarbonate transparencies to allow lying on a mattress with some degree of fore and aft viewing. As will be discussed below, two dinghies and her diesel are tucked under those sloping panels.

Shown to windward on that bridge is a 180 degree rotating helm seat with gauge, comm, and nav panels left and right of her wheel powering the hydraulic steering. We'll detail sit down and stand-up helmsman ergonomics better when the time comes, but at this early conceptual state things look acceptable. Sitting or standing the helm position is very well protected while the view from it is very good to examine water colors close ahead of the hulls for visual depth sounding.

Over the helm, and pivoting on a stout pipe with bearings mounted to the superstructure, is a hardtop that can quickly be pushed around over the windward hull should more vertical view be desirable. Hinged underneath that roof panel are frames with laminated glass which fold upward and inward to open up the house some before swinging the top away completely. This wheelhouse top solution seems much more desirable (and long-term reliable) than unmitigated exposure or various rapidly aging and costly canvas assemblies. We do, though, propose a simple squarish piece of canvas over the remaining exposed section of the bridge. In a gale, or left on a mooring for longer periods it might pay to support it with a few fore-and-aft battens resulting in well faired, well draining passage with about 4'6" headroom.

Guest quarters and communal indoor spaces are located in the windward hull. Due to its superior visibility all around the helm is located on the windward end of the bridge which, in turn, suggested guests and other live ballast to ride on the high side of the proa where their muscle and crewing prowess would come in handy at very short notice. There is a communal dinette toward the green bow, the galley amidships, a separate head next, and the moderate but private guest cabin towards the red bow. Clearances are acceptable all around with relatively limited cabin footprint compensated for by the grand view out.

Again, in the windward hull's ends is ample storage and deck spaces essentially identical to those outside of the master cabin in the other hull. Since there are no booms sweeping the cabin roof in close proximity, with only the two shrouds merging in that

common hardpoint to windward amidships, roof hatches for emergency, deck access, ventilation, more light, etc., are shown on either end with more readily conceivable except that photovoltaics might be useful on this hull with its limited shading potential due to the rig's leeward location.

Dinghies and Propulsion

Using what would just be crawl space outside of her waist high open deck between the hulls, we locate on one side of the bridge her 60-80Hp 4-cylinder air-oil-cooled diesel engine and one of our 66"x3'3" Tortoise dinghies alongside it, with an out-board-powered FAST BRICK mule/liveboat carried transversely on the other side. While both boats would be boarded from the end decks, they are pulled towards the bridge via longer painters where both ends can be hoisted until their bellies are flush with the bridge bottom. There obviously is room for ample detailing here.

The bi-directional drive necessary for a proa of her size consists of several elements. The diesel and its reduction gear drive via CV joints and a jackshaft with multiple toothed belt pulleys. Multiple belts transmit the power down into a welded untapered chord symmetric wing onto matching pulleys on the propeller shaft near the bottom of it. This prop shaft has identical ends from the pulley cluster on outwards. Supported by radial bearings outside of the pulleys to control the belt pull, and through thrust bearings (combination?) plus stuffing boxes at the wing's edges, that shaft turns two identically dimensioned propellers in each end, one left handed and one right handed on that same shaft. One prop will indeed be happy while the other one runs along but with a less than perfect shape for its temporary direction. For the sake of simplicity we accept a good prop/bad prop geometry and still get enough bi-directional propeller disc area in the water to keep both of them significantly smaller than necessary to absorb that power on just one.

With skeg protection from below and cavitation plate above we can mount a vertical splitter bar to offer the exposed front propeller at least some chance of survival. We did consider interconnected and hydraulically controlled locked rudders on either end but are pessimistic on the effectiveness this close to the center of her rotation. Many dories converted to outboard in a well too close to amidships suffered the fate that there could be little directional change with the motor hard over but a lot of exciting power heeling.

On Proa-60 more thought will eventually reveal some maneuvering enhancement to manage her movement in close quarters under power. Similar to our transverse daggerboard anchor brake on long distance rowing cruiser Hermes (#585), perhaps such a spoiler on each hull would allow better close in control under power. Of course, the virtues of the rig would allow considering using it square sail fashion to enhance her diesel power and the rudders to control her with careful thrusting by her rig. At very slow speed, putting both rudders down may just solve that problem.

The final element of this bi-directional drive geometry is the ability to rotate that propeller wing sideways along her upper input shaft axis, travelling about 85 degrees until the prop blades would almost touch the underside of the bridge. Due to this sizable, though streamlined, bulk under bridge when

retracted, we decided to retract the propeller wing to windward where the inherent heeling under sail frees up the most under bridge clearance, de facto leveling that protrusion to acceptable clearance above the waves. This in turn meant to locate the engine to leeward of the proa's plan view centerline, and thus to leeward of the helm and Tortoise.

Noise control of that engine location will require the usual measures but is not at all insurmountable, while that flying engine location well above waterline and outside of any hull makes air-cooling intake and exhaust ducting as simple as the straight up and out geometry of her stock muffler.

On a craft of this size and potential windage steaming into the wind under power, we dismissed outboard power early on, since we would have had to accept something like four big prop 50hp outboards in order to achieve the bi-directionality and the adequate propeller blade area in the water of the above mentioned geometry. And we did glance at all conceivable types of propulsion, including directionally dedicated Dragon-Tail drives.

Conclusions

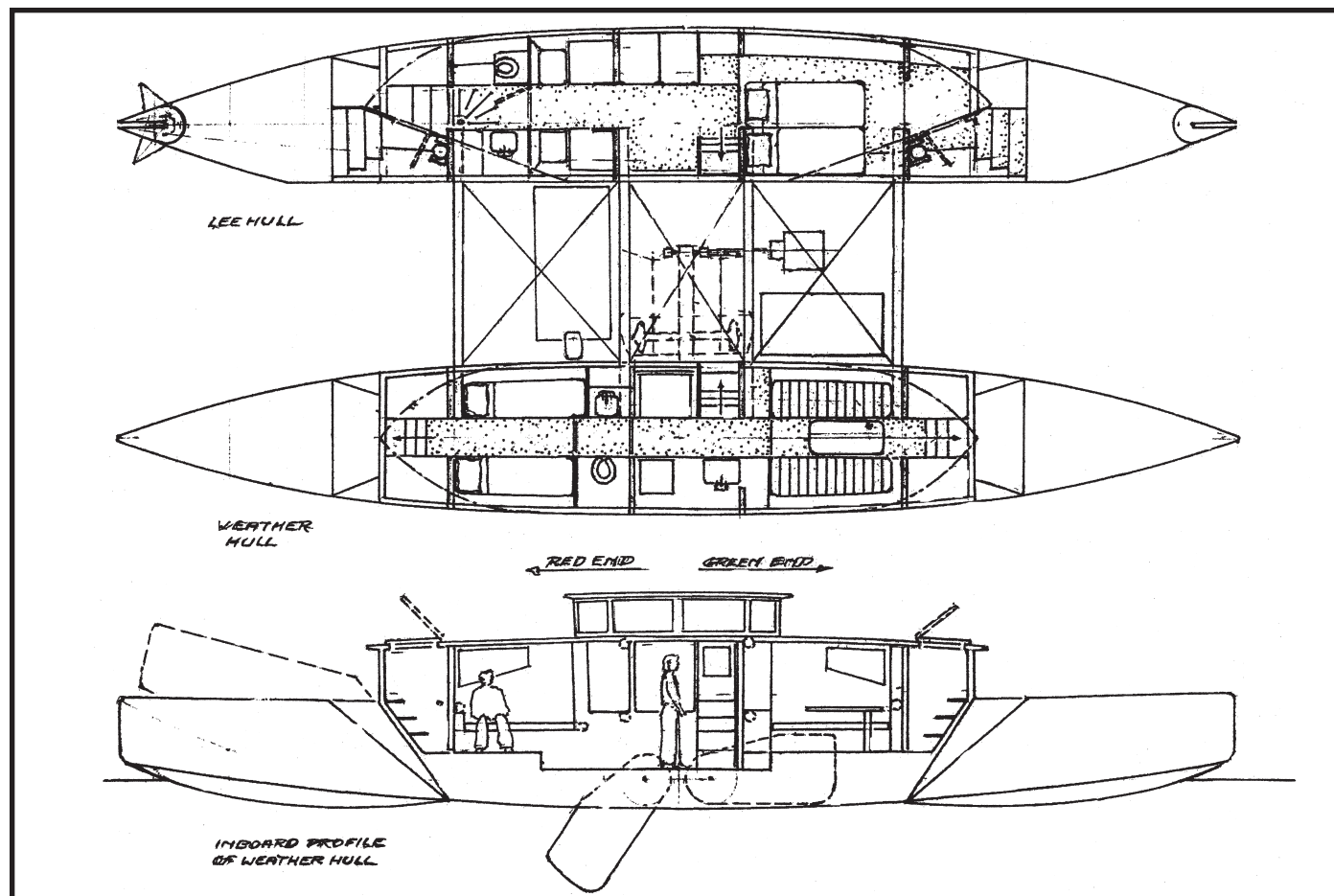
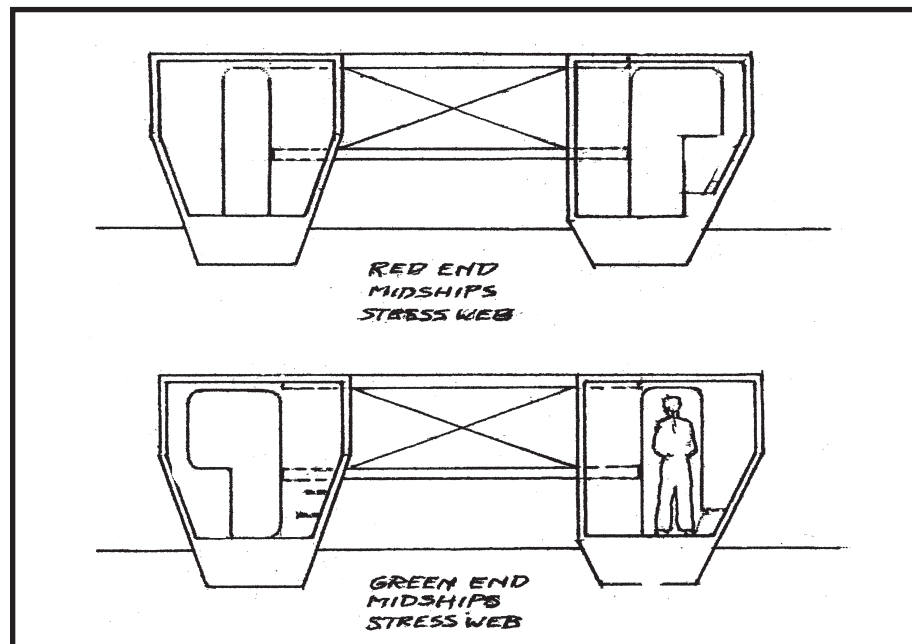
This proposal is clearly not going to do 20knots, more likely closer to low teens! Dick Newick's proposal will likely march right past her while both leave the monohulls behind. But instead of Dick's spartan drag and speed conscious racing rigor, we have no ambitions to outspeed him (!), we worked to different agenda. We were going for a liveaboard cruiser with long distance habitability across a broad range of climate zones, daily utility, and designed-in resilience to errors in judgment and seamanship or just bad luck off and inshore.

Bolger Proa-60 can be well-insulated against heat and cold, can carry serious cruising provisions, fuel, and spare parts apart from significant amounts of fresh water and batteries. And it can be built out of plywood and other readily available materials with least amounts of hours required per given pound of structure and area of surface.

In fact, the longer we looked at her, the more it dawned on us that in its totality, weighing the costs and benefits seen from all angles, from rig attributes, over hull geometries, to built-in passive and dynamic safety, if you need a fleet sailing liveaboard cruiser with least amount of heel under sail, this interpretation of the Pacific proa approach may indeed be a better multihull than either the catamaran or the trimaran!

And it does not look that bad either...

(No plans are available yet for Proa-60).



A surprising number of people who visit us at the Wooden Boat Workshop here in Norwalk, Connecticut, inquire what this stitch and glue method of building boats is that we talk about. These people range from those who have never seen or read (or even thought) about how a boat might be constructed, to those with some familiarity with more traditional methods of boat building.

The latter struck me as very strange until I realized that I couldn't recall reading an article or seeing a book devoted purely to stitch and glue construction. Although, in fact, there has been a fair amount written on the subject, much of it has appeared in building manuals or construction books or articles pertaining to a particular design or type of watercraft. As a result, although there are many passing references to the stitch and glue method of constructing boats, there is not a single article I know of that I can refer people to (or send to people). Thus, this one.

In the broadest sense "stitch and glue" refers simply to a system or method for attaching two pieces of relatively thin wood to each other as, for instance, the side of a boat to the bottom. Traditionally this would have been accomplished through the use (in

What, Exactly, Is Stitch And Glue?

By Dave Jackson

the instant example) of a chine log or piece of wood that would fit in the angle between the side and bottom. The side and bottom would thus not be attached to each other since they were too thin for this to be effective. Instead, both were fastened to the chine log using mechanical fasteners (screws, nails) and perhaps glue.

Stitch and glue construction, in contrast, glues the two thin pieces of wood (usually plywood) directly to each other. Since mechanical fasteners such as nails and screws would be ineffective, the joint is held together while the glue cures by using "stitches" or loops of wire (often soft copper wire) which are inserted through small holes on either side of a joint or seam and twisted until tight. Once the glue has cured the stitches are removed, and often the joint is reinforced using fiberglass cloth or tape adhered with epoxy.

That's really all there is to stitch and glue but, as is so often the case, the expression has broadened to include other things. Thus, when you join thin pieces of wood to one another to create an entire structure, such as a kayak, without internal support such as stringers, chine logs, ribs, and the like, the structure may be referred to as a monocoque structure, or if there is very little internal structure, as semi-monocoque. Furthermore, when you apply fiberglass or other fabrics to one or both sides of a structure and glue them all together you have, in effect, created a composite structure which will likely have much greater strength, resistance to bending, or other qualities than the component parts did. Since stitch and glue construction is often used to build boats that exhibit these characteristics, the term is often used to mean or include these features.

Finally, many pre-cut boat and kayak kits use the stitch and glue method of construction. So many, in fact, that for many people the terms are synonymous. Just remember, however, that you can have a boat kit that does not feature that type of construction and that you can use stitch and glue construction in many situations, not just with kits.

New Projects at The Apprenticeshop

The Apprenticeshop of Atlantic Challenge has been building and restoring quality wooden boats since 1972. During this time we have launched hundreds of boats ranging from 40' schooners to 20' steam launches to 9' prams. The Apprenticeshop program focuses on quality, instills craftsmanship, nurtures seamanship, and builds community. Graduates of the 'Shop have spread as far as our boats. They have gone on to be educators and builders for projects such as *Amistad* and *Sultana* and have started their own boat shops in the United States and abroad.

Currently on the 'Shop floor, apprentices are working on a number of new projects and a few restoration projects as well. New-builds consist of a 16' John Gardiner sailing Whitehall, a 13' Vinalhaven Hawkin's Peapod, and an 18' Joseph Liener Catboat. These boats are scheduled to launch in mid-June of this year. Restorations include work on a 1949 Chris Craft Runabout, a Dark Harbor 17, and a Classic Friendship Sloop.

The Friendship Sloop project is currently for sale. Designed by McKee Roth, this 22'4" gaff rigged sloop #211 is currently undergoing a complete re-fit in the 'Shop. Apprentices spent the early part of the building season back in January assessing the work to be done. Approximately half of her frames were replaced with steam-bent oak and she's currently being replanked in cedar.

Friendship sloops were developed in the 1880s from the Muscongus Bay boats of Friendship, Maine, and the Essex sloop boats of Gloucester, Massachusetts. The design was created by the fishermen, builders of the Friendship and Bremen areas, out of their desire for a seaworthy sloop that could fol-

low the fish further from the shore. They share a characteristic elliptical stern, clipper bow, and gaff rig. Their uses range from seining for herring, hand-lining cod, sword fishing, mackereling, and lobstering. In the 1920s folks rediscovered the sloops, whose seaworthiness contributed to their attractiveness for recreational sailing. This particular Friendship sloop, *Ansa*, that's being restored at the Apprenticeshop was sailed in Islesboro, Maine, for many years. When completed she will be in like-new condition, ready to sail.

To learn more about the restoration of the Friendship Sloop, the Apprenticeshop, and other Atlantic Challenge programs, call (207) 594-1800 or visit our website at atlanticchallenge.com. Atlantic Challenge is a nonprofit educational organization whose mission is to inspire personal growth through craftsmanship, community, and traditions of the sea.

Atlantic Challenge, Rockland, ME

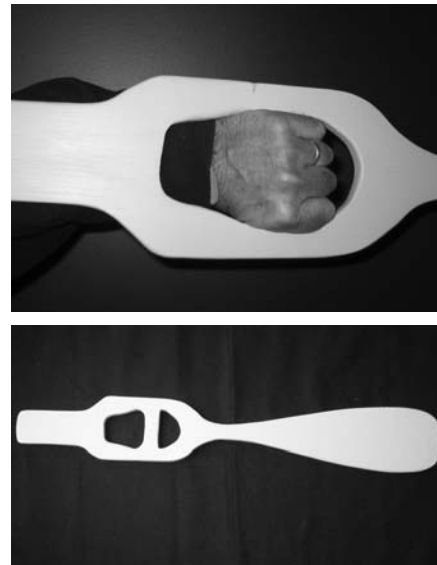
Second year apprentice Sara Forristall working on the restoration of a classic Friendship Sloop. (Tim Arruda Photograph)



One-Handed Paddle

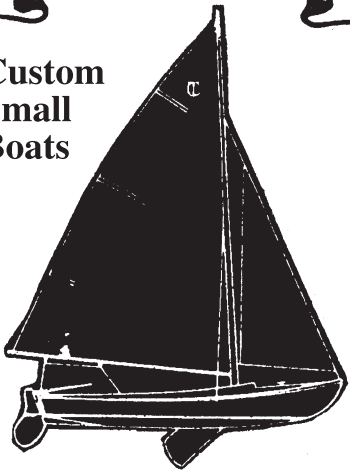
By Henry Champagney

While visiting a hunting and fishing collector I noticed this odd paddle. He explained to me that it was a one-handed paddle. He had an assortment of these and one was stamped "EZ Arm Paddle Company, P-M Wood Products, McMinnville, Tennessee." He stated that one could paddle with one hand and fish with the other while working around a spot where crappies were gathered. Or, one could use one in each hand to paddle a duck boat. In addition to hunters and fishermen using them, I have heard that white-water kayakers use some type of one-handed paddles. I thought it might also be useful for someone with limited use of one arm to be able to get out on the water.



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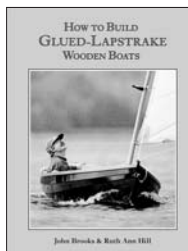
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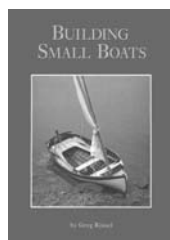
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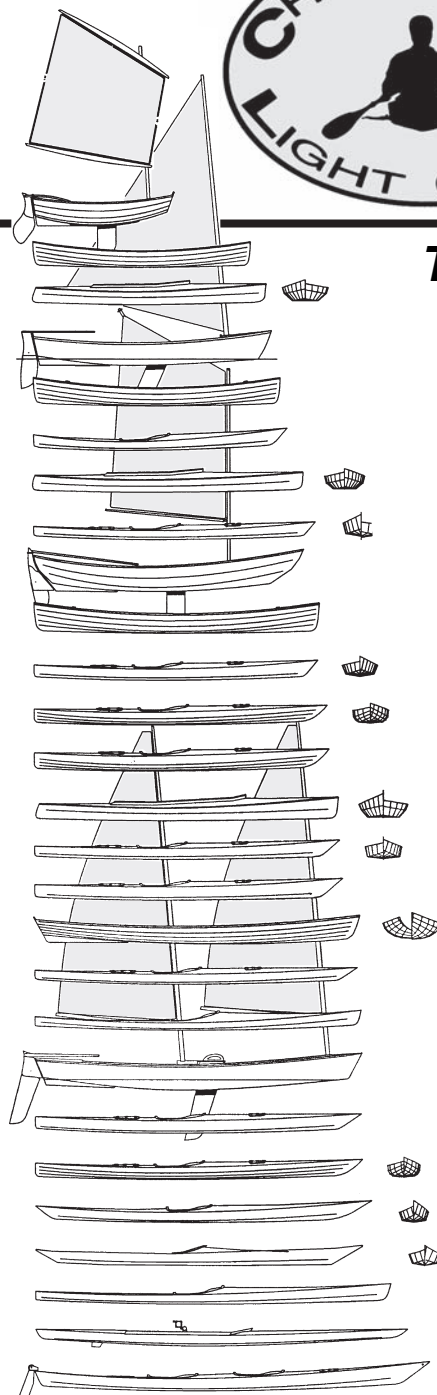
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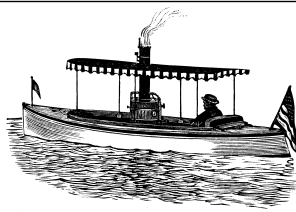
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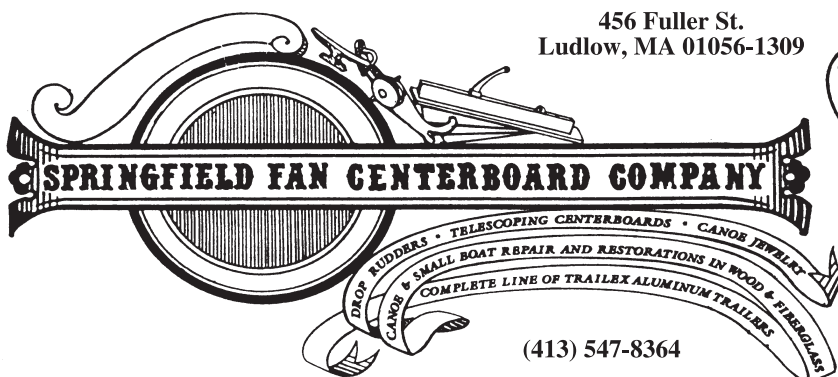
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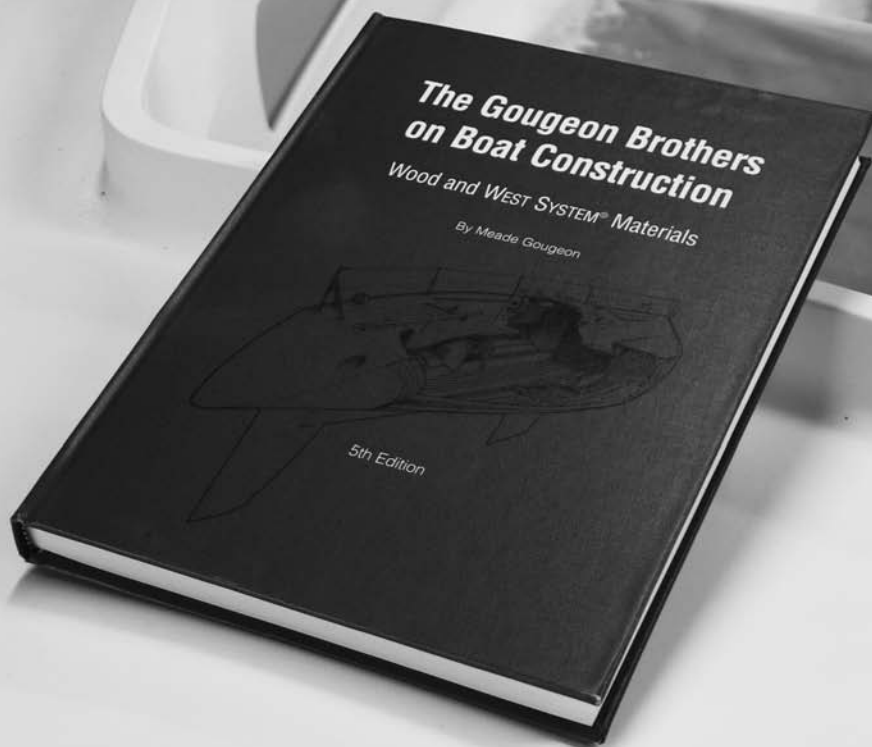
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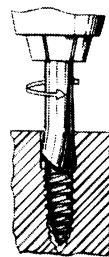


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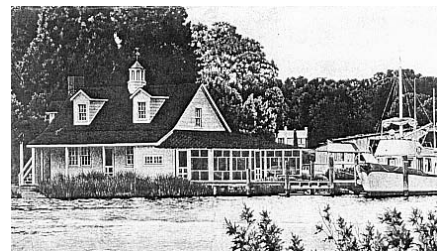


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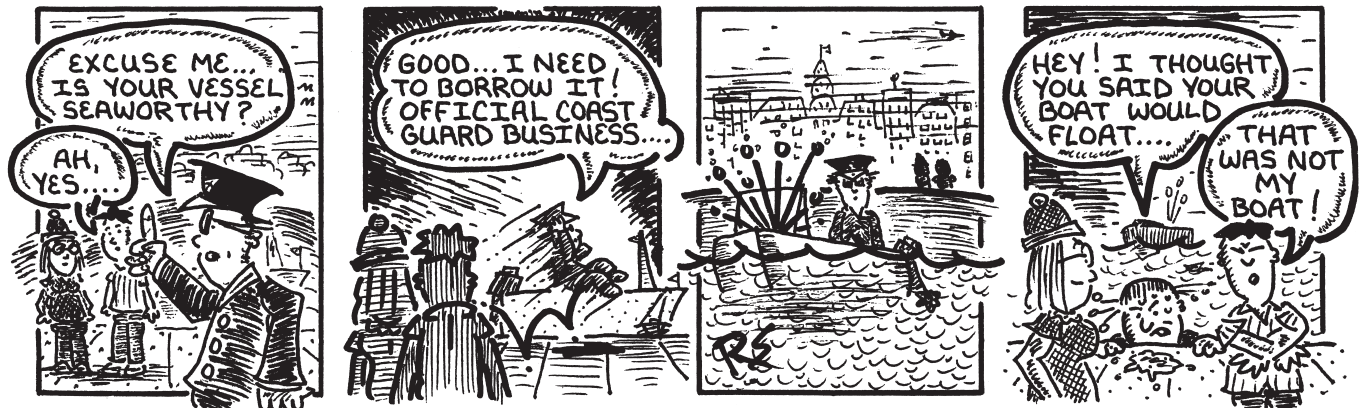
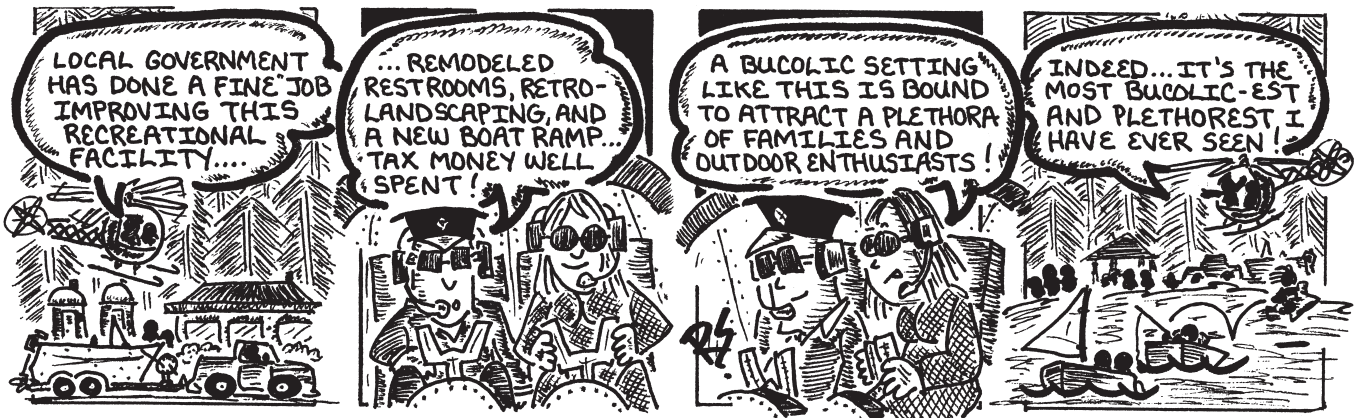
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